

IDEAS.

The final result of a true education is not a selfish scholar, nor a scornful critic of the universe, but an intelligent and faithful citizen who is determined to put all his powers at the service of his country and mankind.—Henry Van Dyke.

A man is poor when he has lost the confidence of friends, when people who are nearest to him do not believe him, when his character is honey-combed by deceit, punctured by dishonesty. He is poor when he makes money at the expense of character, when principle does not stand clear-cut, supreme in his life. When this is clouded he is in danger of the worst kind of poverty. To be in the poor house is not necessarily to be poor. If you have maintained your integrity, if your character stands four-square to the world, if you have never bent the knee of principle for avarice, you are not poor.—Schubert Co-Operator.

Shakespeare all things difficult, but industry all easy, he that shall little must trot all day and shall scarcely overtake his business at night, while business travels so fast that the poverty soon overtakes him.—Franklin.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for any one else.—Charles Dickens.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD

The Russian government is taking the right step away from many thousands of people in the election for the next parliament, so as to have a parliament elected which will work more as the government wishes. Taking the ballot away from those to whom it has once been given is a serious business. However, it is true that the Russian people do not know how to govern themselves—they have never had a chance to learn how, by doing it—and if there is some way of teaching the people gradually how to govern themselves by limiting the number of voters that will be better than giving up the plan of government altogether.

China is preparing herself for a constitution. An order of the emperor, published November 7th, tells of various changes to be made in the government system and says that they are all made to prepare the way for a constitution.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The first Negro State Fair ever held was opened at Meigs, Ga., on the 12th. An opening address was made by Mr. Hooker T. Washington. A good display of agricultural products, Negro inventions, women's work, fine arts, slavery relics and handicrafts of the crafts is reported.

A short time ago a number of negroes belonging to negro companies in the United States Army, "shot up" the town of Brownsville, Tex., killing and wounding people of that place. Every effort was made to find out who the guilty men were, but without success. No one of the soldiers would give any information to help point out the criminals. On this account President Roosevelt ordered the dishonorable discharge of the entire battalion of negro troops. A storm of protest has come up against this action and Secretary Taft has stopped the discharge of the soldiers until the President returns (next Sunday or Monday). For our part it seems that the action of the president was right. It is not a pleasant thing to "tell" on a comrade, but when murder is committed it is too serious a crime to be defended even by silence. The whole battalion became partners in the crime.—It was no longer safe to have such soldiers in the army. President Roosevelt would have discharged them just as quick or quicker if they had been white men instead of colored.

Ferdinand L. Harrell, a negro lawyer of Chicago, who has been assistant State Attorney for several years, was nominated by the republicans for the office of judge in the city court. This nomination was made to hold the negro vote, but with the expectation that he would not be elected. He was elected, however, and now the republican newspapers are demanding that he resign because he is a negro. Shame on them.

Governor Hoke Smith of Georgia will make his name one to be hated and feared, by all colored men and all white men who believe in justice and fair play, if he keeps on in his present course. Former Congressman Fleming of that state, charges that in one of his recent campaign speeches he used words practically like these: "I declare to you, gentlemen, if one of the precincts in your county should have seventy-five negro votes and fifty white, and should it become necessary, I would be favorable to plan to reduce the population to slavery-nine." That is a good sample of your "imperialism and magnanimous Anglo-Saxon."

The New York Tribune Weekly Review of November 17th prints an article on the public school situation in Chicago, which is at the best foolish and partly untrue. It quotes some of Chicago's newspapers in their clamor against the present school board and its plans and seems to believe their lies. The truth is a little nearer this: The newspapers which are opposing the school board are doing so because they are in danger of losing some big graft money they have been getting from it in the past. With a number of honest and wise people in it the Chicago Board of Education has had a foul history of corruption, bossism, intrigue and graft, under the leadership of "Honest" Tom Brennan, who died a few years ago. The relations between the City Superintendent of Schools, Edwin C. Cooley, and the teachers, have been those of a zir and subject. The Tribune takes the position that he ought to know more about what is going on in the schools than the thousands of teachers under him all together. The positions of the teachers have been practically in his hands. They have been marked, by a secret system by him and the assistant superintendents. School books were recommended to the

AMERICA'S GREATEST INDUSTRY.

The corn crop is one of the most important in the United States, but if all the corn in the country had been blasted and failed to ripen this season, very few people would have had to go hungry and none would have starved to death on account of it. If no cotton had been grown some people would not be dressed so warmly this winter, but few would freeze to death.

There is no one thing that this country could not do without except the raising of good men and women. Even for those who are bad and who hate good people life could not be endured without the good people. If there were no good people to preserve peace and order, the bad ones would soon kill one another until all were dead. We need wise men for our public offices, but we need good men much more. We need smart business men to carry on our great factories and trade, but we need good men much more. We need successful farmers to provide the food that we eat, and raise the cotton and wool for our clothes, but it is much more important for our country that a great many of our farmers are good men. We need to have better laws made for the control of trade and prevention and punishment of crime, but the best laws will be useless and worse than useless without honest men to obey them and make others obey them. The most important industry in the world is the making of men and women and children good.

The use of time and money to carry on churches and Sunday schools and other things which train people to be good, is the best investment which is made for the country. It pays better than steel trust bonds or railroad stock. It pays to raise money to pay a minister a good salary, because he can spend more of his time in helping people to become good than if he had to earn his living on the farm. Nine tenths of the trouble in this world comes not because people have not money enough but because they or some of them are not good enough. The most important reason for loving God is that it makes people good to love God.

Everybody knows that these things are true. Why don't we act as if we believed them?

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

The question who shall be the republican candidate for governor is now attracting much interest. Hon. E. T. Frank, republican leader of the second district, Justice John M. Harlan of the United States Supreme Court, Judge Edward C. O'Neal of Montgomery county, Judge A. R. Hurnam of Madison county, and State Senator Wm. H. Cox of Mayesville.

Mayor Beach of Covington says he will have gambling stopped in that city and is having poolrooms raided and closed. It is expected that hundreds of warrants will be issued for the arrest of men in Lexington who broke the election laws. Attorney General Hays threatened before the election that this should be done if twelve hundred illegally registered men should vote.

It is said that Governor Beckham is planning to call a special session of the legislature to pass a law which will make the closing of saloons on Sunday in Louisville and other places easier, but that he intends first to find out what the members of the legislature think about it, whether or not they are ready to vote for such a law.

THE OVERTHROW OF PELE.

By Miss Amanda Kentik.

On August 12th, 1898, there was great rejoicing among the people of the Hawaiian Islands. It was on this day that, amid the shouts of the people, and the salute of the guns in the harbor of Honolulu, the flag of their republic was lowered and the stars and stripes floated in its place. The desire of the people had been granted, they were henceforth a part of the United States.

But what has our government received in annexing these islands? A territory as large as New Jersey, the center of the great network of ocean highways of the Pacific; the chief coaling station between the continents, a land of tropical vegetation, delightful and beautiful in climate, the Paradise of the Pacific.

The our people founded but a small part of the population the atmosphere of the islands was thoroughly American. The good system of schools, the churches, the newspapers, the commercial interests, and the form of government itself, bore the impress of the early New England missionaries. What more fitting therefore than that when the people found they could no longer rule their republic without internal strife and external danger, they should turn to the United States for protection. The native Hawaiians are a well educated, industrious people.

Less than one hundred years ago the islands were inhabited by a degraded race of savages living in grass huts; having no marriage rites, and no ideas of civilization whatever. Cannibalism was not common but infanticide practiced widely. The idolatry of the people was of the lowest order—human sacrifices were offered and sorcery and witchcraft practiced by the priests. A system of "tabu" kept the people in bondage for there was a constant fear of breaking its laws, with the penalty of death. The chief was "tabu" and none dared touch or sit in his presence. The choicest

hunting grounds were "tabu" to all but the priests, and on women these laws fell most severely. It is hard to imagine in the cultured, fashionable nation of today the savage of seventy years ago.

In the history of the fifty years of mission work on these islands there are many stories of bravery and daring but there is one which seems to surpass the others in interest. On the slope of Mauna Loa, 4,400 feet above the sea level lies the crater of Kilauea, the largest active volcano in the world. At the summit of the mountain, 10,000 feet above, is another volcano which is not continuously active. The crater of Kilauea is 800 feet deep and eight miles in circumference. Within it lies a lake of molten lava, Halemaunne—"The House of Everlasting Burning."

Except in times of great eruptions it is perfectly safe to descend the zig zag path to the bottom of the crater and, standing almost at the edge of the lake watch the play of its eternal fires. It has been said that this is the only place in the world where Dame Nature permits mortals to see eyewitnesses of her labors in her vast foundries and smelting works. Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop says, "Here is the real bottomless pit; the fire which is not quenched; the place of hell; the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; the everlasting burnings; the fiery sea whose waves are never weary. What else if the terrors of Kilauea would haunt me all my life."

What wonder then that these ignorant savages should people the earth with cruel demons. Their chief deity was Pele, Goddess of Fire, and the legend tells how she came to take up her abode in the crater. The water God, Kamapau, a huge monster, desired to wed her, but she fled from him and wandering from island to island for safety, at last took up her abode in the fiery lake, where Kamapau could not reach her. From her stronghold she hurled fire and lava on all who incurred her displeasure.

The Hawaiians stood greatly in awe of the cruel Goddess and much of their religion was devoted to her. Near the crater stood the temple of her priestesses, and many things were observed as "tabu" in her honor.

But the power of Pele was forever broken by the act of a brave native woman, Kapulohi, descended from a line of kings and ruler in her own right of a large district of Hawaii. She was, nevertheless, an ignorant superstitious savage, addicted to the use of liquor and tobacco. When she was reached by the story of the Gospels, she at once began to reform her life. She dismissed all her husbands but one and gave up her intemperate habits.

She became ladylike and lovable in disposition, and planned with the missionaries the uplifting of her people. But little progress could be made while the power of the Fire Goddess held sway and Kapulohi determined to break that away. Her brave deed won a glowing tribute from Carlyle and it placed her name on the list of the heroines of the world.

She planned to visit a mission station one hundred miles distant, taking a route directly across the crater Kilauea. The journey had to be accomplished on foot, over rough lava beds. Her people pleaded with her to give up the plan, but when, strong in her new faith, she would not, eighty of them decided to go with her. Journeying, she was stopped again and again, as her people implored her not to risk Pele's anger, but she said, simply: "If I am destroyed, you may all believe in Pele; but if I am not, then you all must turn to the true God."

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SCHOOL TEACHERS!

A Word in Your Ear.

The editor wants to help you in your school work in every way he can, and has two ways here to suggest to you.

Have you a good unabridged dictionary in your school? If not, wouldn't you like to have one without paying cash for it? I think I can tell you of a way by which you and your pupils can get a splendid new Webster's International Dictionary such as is advertised on page six, by just a little work together. If you want to know how, just write a letter or a postal to the editor of the Citizen, Berea, Ky., saying, "Please tell me about your Dictionary Propagation."

The second thing I want to help you about is the exhibition which your school is going to have next month. You will find the article now running in page six, by Prof. Blumrose very helpful. Besides these we are going to publish some songs, and perhaps some "pieces to speak" for you to use in your exhibition. These songs you probably know but perhaps you have not any book with them in. We can print them for you, words and music both.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.
Columbia the Gem of the Ocean.
My Country 'Tis of Thee.
Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.
Kind Words Can Never Die.
Besides these we have some more pretty ones, very easy to learn: Paddle Your Own Canoe, Spinning Song, The Spider and The Fly, The Laughing Hill, Deer and Clover.

Would you like to have any special ones of these we have named printed in the Citizen. Would you like extra copies of the paper containing one or more of these songs? We charge five cents for single copies of The Citizen but we will make a special offer to you of from five to fifteen copies of the paper containing some song or songs or pieces you want, at two cents each; all copies beyond fifteen cents each; all copies beyond fifteen cents each. How would it strike you to have four or five of the songs we have named printed in one number of The Citizen and then you could order a lot so that all who came to the exhibition or at least all of your scholars could have copies and join in the song. Write to the editor and tell him which of these songs you want, what pieces you would like to have printed, how many extra copies of The Citizen you would like to have with certain songs in it, and when your exhibition comes, and see if he cannot help you in your work.

The November number of the Southern Workman, published by the Hampton Institute Press, contains an important ethnological study by Prof. Monroe N. Work, of the department of pedagogy at the Georgia State Agricultural College at Savannah. It is entitled "Parallels in the Development of the Aryan and Other Races," and is interesting and valuable. This issue has also an article on local conditions among the negroes in four counties of Georgia, by an agent of the General Education Board. Some thoughtful editorials on race and educational questions complete an excellent number.

THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

There will be Thanksgiving services at 10 a. m. in the College Chapel on next Thursday, November 29th. Dr. E. M. Williams, D. D., of Chicago will preach the sermon and after that a praise service will be held. The Harmonia Society will sing Mozart's famous anthem, "Glorious Is Thy Name." All citizens are invited to be present and should see that preparations for dinner are made so as to allow as many as possible to attend the services.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Copy for changes in advertisements or for new ones should be handed in as early as possible. To be sure of getting into the current number they must be in editor's hands by Monday night.

Give your hearts to God and He will comb the tinks out of your heads.—Sam Jones.

LIABLE TO LEAK

The "Family Stocking" is liable to leak. Deposit your extra dollars and dimes in our Savings Department and watch them earn more dimes and dollars for you.

We Guarantee You

Perfect Safety.
4 per cent Compound Interest.
The Use of Your Money When You Want It.

ONE DOLLAR WILL OPEN YOUR ACCOUNT.

Come in and let us tell you more about it.

Berea Banking Co.

Assets over \$140,000.00.

Capital \$25,000.00.

J. J. MOORE, Pres.

W. H. PORTER, Cashier

Millinery Opening, Nov. 27 - 28.



Call and see the nicest stock of Millinery Goods ever in Berea.

Our goods are the latest New York styles.

Handsome pattern hats and all the new shapes

can be found at our shop.

Our trimmer, Miss Adams, from Cincinnati,

will give special orders her most careful attention.

You are invited to come to the opening, even if you have bought your hat.



MRS. S. R. BAKER,

Corner Center and Main Streets.

The Charter of the Berea National Bank.
No. 8435.

Treasury Department.

Office of Comptroller of the Currency.

Washington, D. C., November 17, 1906.

WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "The Berea National Bank," in the Town of Berea, in the County of Madison and State of Kentucky, has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking;

NOW THEREFORE I, Thomas P. Kane, Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The Berea National Bank," in the Town of Berea, in the County of Madison, and State of Kentucky, is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in Section Fifty one hundred and sixty nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF witness my hand and seal of office this seventeenth day of November, 1906.

[SEAL] T. P. KANE,

Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency.

Bank opens December 1.

S. E. WELCH, Pres.

WRIGHT KELLY, Vice-Pres.

J. L. GAY, Cashier.



BAFFLED GENIUS.

I've always had a yearning after literary fame. A keen desire to write a book, and make myself a name. To see my picture printed in the papers every day. And to have folks listen raptly to what I might say. But oh, dear me! It can never, never be! I could write a record-breaking book, I haven't any doubt. But somehow I can't think of anything to write about.

I wonder how real authors go to work to weave their plots. How they get hold of romantic threads and tie them up in knots. But oh, dear me! I really cannot see how they do it—though they do it, there is not the slightest doubt. While for my part I can't think of anything to write about.

My library is filled with typewriter, pens and ink. The only thing that's left for me to do is just to think. And I have thought, and thought, and thought, and thought, and thought. In vain attempts to find the theme that I no longer have sought. But oh, dear me! I fear it's Fate's decree that I shall never write a book, although I could, no doubt. If I could only think of something good to write about. —Somerville Journal.

THE GRAFTERS

By FRANCIS LYNDÉ

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

She was pacing back and forth in front of his chair in a way that was almost man-like; but her contemptuous impatience made her dangerously beautiful. Suddenly she stopped and turned upon him, and there were sharp claws in the kitten-buffets.

"Do you know you're appalling a future that most men would hesitate to throw away?" she asked. "While you have been a man of one idea in this railroad affair, we haven't been idle—your newspaper and political friends, and Ormsby and I. You are ambitious; you want to succeed; and we have been laying the foundations for you. The next election would give you anything in the gift of the state that a man of your years could aspire to. Have you known this?"

"I have guessed it," he said quite humbly.

"Of course you have. But it has all been contingent upon one thing: you were to crush the grafters in this railroad struggle—show them up—and climb to distinction yourself on the ladder from which you have shaken them. It might have been done; it was in a fair way to be done. And now you turn back and leave the plow in the furrow!"

There was more of a like quality—a good bit more; some of it regretful; all of it pungent and logical from Miss Van Brock's point of view; and Kent was no rock not to be moved by the small tempest of disappointed vicarious ambition. Wherefore he escaped when he could, though only to begin the ethical battle all over again; to fight and wander among the tombs in the valley of indecision for a week and a day, eight miserable twirlings of the earth in space, during which interval he was invisible to his friends and innocuous to his enemies.

On the morning of the ninth day Editor Hildreth telephoned Miss Van Brock to let her know where Kent could be found. The answer was a rather anxious negative; though the query could have been answered affirmatively by the conductor and motorman of an early morning electric car which ran to the farthest outskirts of the eastern suburbs of the city. Following a boyish habit he had never fully outgrown, Kent had once more taken his problem to the open, and the hour after luncheon time found him plodding wearily back to the end of the car line, jaded, dusty and stiff from much tramping of the brown plain, but with the long duel finally fought out to some despairing conclusion.

The city hall clock was upon the stroke of three when the inbound trolley-car landed him in front of the Clarendon. It was a measure of his purposeful abstraction that he went on around the corner to the Security bank, dusty and unrepresentable as he was, and transferred the packet of incriminating affidavits from the safety deposit box to his pocket before going to his rooms in the hotel.

This paper weapon was the centering point of the struggle which had now lasted for nearly a fortnight. So long as the weapon was his to use or to cast away, the outcome of the moral conflict hung in the balance. But now he was emerging from the night wanderings among the tombs of the undecided.

"I can't give it up; there is too much at stake," he muttered, as he trudged heavily back to the hotel. And before he went above the stairs he asked the young woman at the house telephone exchange to ascertain if Governor Bucks were in his office at the capitol, and if so, if he were likely to remain there for an hour.

When he reached his rooms he flung the packet of papers on the writing-table and went to freshen himself with

a bath. That which lay before him called for fitness, mental and physical, and cool sanity. In other times of stress, as just before a critical hour in court, the tub and the cold plunge had been his ally where other men resorted to the bottle.

He was struggling into clean linen, and the packet was still lying where he had tossed it on entering, when a bell-hoy came up with a card. Kent read the name with a ghost of a smile relaxing the care-drawn lines about his mouth. There are times when a man's fate rushes to meet him, and he had fallen upon one of them.

"Show him up," was the brief direction; and when the door of the elevator cage clacked again, Kent was waiting.

His visitor was a man of heroic proportions; a large man a little breathed, as it seemed, by the swift upward rush of the elevator. Kent admitted him with a nod; and the governor planted himself heavily in a chair and begged a light for his cigar. In the match-passing he gathered his spent breath and declared his errand.

"I think we have a little score to settle between us as man to man, Kent," he began, when Kent had clipped the end from his own cigar and lit it in stolid silence.

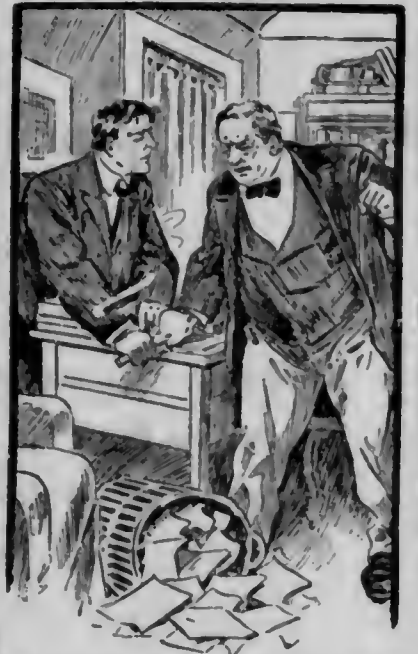
"Possibly: that is for you to say," was the unencouraging reply.

Bucks rose deliberately, walked to the bath-room door, and looked beyond it into the bedroom.

"We are quite alone, if that is what you want to make sure of," said Kent, in the same indifferent tone; and the governor came back and resumed his chair.

"I came up to see what you want—what you will take to quit," he announced, crossing his legs and locking the huge ham-like hands over his knee. "That is putting it rather abruptly, but business is business, and we can dispense with the preliminaries, I take it."

"I told your attorney-general some time ago what I wanted, and he did not see fit to grant it," Kent responded. "I am not sure that I want anything now—anything you have to offer."



HE JAMMED THE FIRE-END OF HIS CIGAR AMONG THE FINGERS OF THE GRASPING HAND.

This was not all he had intended to say; but the presence of the adversary was breeding a stubborn antagonism that was more potent on the moral side than all the prickings of conscience.

The yellow-lidded eyes of the governor began to close down, and the look came into them which had been there when he denied a pardon to a widow pleading for the life of her convicted son.

"I had hoped you were in the market," he demurred. "It would be better for all concerned if you had something to sell, with a price attached. I know what you have been doing, and what you think you have got hold of. It's a tissue of mistakes and falsehoods and backbitings from beginning to end but it may serve your purpose with the newspapers. I want to buy that package of stuff you've got stowed away in the Security vaults."

The governor's chair was on one side of the writing-table, and Kent's was on the other. In plain sight between the two men lay the packet Bucks was willing to bargain for. It was enclosed in a box envelope, bearing the imprint of the Security bank. Kent was looking steadily away from the table when he said:

"What if it isn't for sale?"

"Don't you think it had better be?"

"I don't know. I hadn't thought much about the advisable phase of it."

"Well, the time has come when you've got it to do," was the low-toned threat.

"But not as a matter of compulsion," said Kent, coolly enough.

"What is your bid?"

Bucks made it promptly.

"Ten thousand dollars; and you promise to leave the state and stay away for one year from the first Tuesday in November next."

"That is, until after the state election," Kent blew a whiff of smoke to the ceiling and shook his head slowly.

"It is not enough."

The governor uncrossed his legs, crossed them the other way and said:

"I'll make it twenty thousand and two years."

"Or thirty thousand and three years," Kent suggested amiably. "Or suppose we come at once to the end of that string and say one hundred thousand and ten years. That would still leave you a fair price for your block of suburban property in Guilford and Hark's addition to the city of Gaston, wouldn't it?"

The governor set his massive jaw with a sharp little click of the teeth. "You are joking on the edge of your grave, my young friend. I taught you

in Gaston that you were not big enough to fight me; do you think you are big enough now?"

"I don't think I know," said Kent, incisively. "And since you have referred to the Gaston days: let me ask if I ever gave you any reason to believe that I could be scared off?"

"Keep to the point," retorted Bucks, harshly. "This state isn't broad enough to hold you and me on opposite sides of the fence. I could make it too hot to hold you without mixing up in it myself, but I choose to fight my own battles. Will you take \$20,000 spot cash, and MacFarlane's job as circuit judge when I'm through with him? Yes or no?"

"No."

"Then what will you take?"

"Without committing myself in any sense, I might say that you are getting off too cheaply on your most liberal proposition. You and your friends have looted a \$70,000,000 railroad, and—"

"You might have stood in on that if you had taken Guilford's offer," was the brusque rejoinder. "There was more than a corporation lawyer's salary in sight, if you'd had sense enough to see it."

"Possibly. But I stayed out—and I am still out."

"Do you want to get in? Is that your price?"

"I intend to get in—though not, perhaps, in the way you have in mind. Are you ready to recall Judge MacFarlane with instructions to give us our hearing on the merits?"

The governor's face was wooden when he said:

"Is that all you want? I understand MacFarlane is returning, and you will doubtless have your hearing in due season."

"Not unless you authorize it," Kent objected.

"And if I do? If I say that I have already done so, will you come in and lay down your arms?"

"No."

"Then I'm through. Give me your key and write me an order on the Security bank for those papers you are holding."

"No," said Kent, again.

"I say yes!" came the explosive re-assertion; and Kent found himself looking down the bright barrel of a pistol thrust into his face across the table.

For a man who had been oftenest an onlooker on the football half of life, Kent was measurably quick and resourceful. In one motion he clamped the weapon and turned it aside; in another he jammed the fire-end of his cigar among the fingers of the grasping hand. The governor jerked free with an oath, pain-excoriated; and Kent dropped the captured weapon into the table drawer. It was all done in two breaths, and when it was over Kent flung away the broken cigar and lighted a fresh one.

"That was a very primitive expedient, your excellency, to say the best of it," he remarked. "Have you nothing better to offer?"

The reply was a wild-beast growl, and taking it for a negative, Kent went on.

"Then perhaps you will listen to my proposal. The papers you are so anxious about are here,"—tapping the envelope on the table. "No, don't try to snatch them; you wouldn't get out of here alive with them, lacking my leave. Such of them as relate to your complexity in the Universal Oil deal are yours—on one condition: that your health fails and you get yourself ordered out of the state for the remainder of your term."

"No!" thundered the governor.

"Very well; you may stay and take a course of home treatment, if you prefer. It's optional."

"By God! I don't know what keeps me from throttling you with my hands!" Bucks got upon his feet, and Kent rose, also, slipping the box envelope into his pocket and laying a precautionary hand on the drawer-pull.

The governor turned away and walked to the window, nursing his burned fingers. When he faced about it was to return to the charge.

"Kent, what is it you want? Say it in two words."

"Candidly, I didn't know, until a few minutes ago, governor. It began with a determination to break your grip on my railroad, I believe."

"You can have your railroad, if you can get it—and be damned to it, and to you, too!"

"I said it began that way. My sole idea in gathering up this evidence against you and your accomplices was to whittle out a club that would make you let go of the Trans-Western. For two weeks I have been debating with myself as to whether I should buy or break you; and half an hour before you came, I went to the bank and took these papers out, meaning to go and hunt you up."

"Well?" said the governor, and the word barred his teeth because his lips were dry.

"I thought I knew, in the old Gaston days, how many different kinds of a scoundrel you could be, but you've succeeded in showing me some new variations in the last few minutes. It's a thousand pities that the people of a great state should be at the mercy of such a gang of pirates as you and Hildreth and Meigs and MacFarlane, and—"

"Break it off!" said Bucks.

"I'm through. I was merely going to add that I have concluded not to buy you."

"Then it's to be war to the knife, is it?"

"That is about the size of it," said Kent; and the governor found his hat. "I'll trouble you to return my property," he growled, pointing to the table drawer.

"Certainly!" Kent broke the revolver over the blotting pad, swept the ejected cartridges into the open drawer, and passed the empty weapon to its owner.

When the door closed behind the outgoing visitor the victor in the small passage at arms began to walk the floor; but at four o'clock, which was Hildreth's hour for coming down-town, he put on his hat and went to climb the three flights of stairs to the editor's den in the Argus building.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DEAD WATER AND QUICK.

The cubby-hole in which Hildreth earned his bread by the sweat of his brain was dark even at midday; and during working hours the editor sat under a funnel-shaped reflector in a conic shower-bath of electric light which flooded man and desk and left the corners of the room in a penumbra of grateful twilight.

Kent sat just outside of the cone of radiance, watching Hildreth's face as the editor read stolidly through the contents of the box envelope. It was an instructive study in thought dynamics. There was a gleam of battle satisfaction in the editorial eye when Hildreth faced the last sheet down upon the accumulation of evidence, saying:

"You didn't overstate the fact in your brag about the political graves. Only this isn't a spade; it's a steam shovel. Do I understand you are giving me this stuff to use as I please?"

"Just that," said Kent.

"And you have made it serve your turn, too?"

"No," Kent's voice was sharp and crisp.

"Isn't that what you got it for?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you use it?"

"That was what Bucks wanted to know a little while ago when he came to my rooms to try to buy me off. I don't think I succeeded in making him understand why I couldn't traffic with it; and possibly you wouldn't understand."

"I guess I do. It's public property, and you couldn't divert it into private channels. Is that the way it struck you?"

"It is the way it struck a friend of mine whose sense of ultimate right and wrong hasn't lost its fine edge in the world-mill. I did not want to do it."

"Naturally," said the editor. "Giving it up means the loss of all you have been working for in the railroad game. I wish I could use it, just as it stands."

"Can't you?"

"I am afraid not—effectively. It would make an issue in a campaign; or, sprung on the eve of an election, it might down the ring conclusively. I think it would. But this is the off year, and the people won't rise to a political issue—couldn't make themselves felt if they should."

"I don't agree with you. You have your case all made out, with the evidence in sound legal form. What is to prevent your trying it?"

"The one thing that you ought to be lawyer enough to see at a glance. There is no court to try it in. With the assembly in session we ought to do something; as it is, we can only yap at the heels of the ringsters, and our yapping won't help you in the railroad fight. What do you hear from Boston?"

"Nothing new. The stock is still flat on the market, with the stock-holders' pool holding a bare majority, and the Plantagoold brokers huying in dribbles wherever they find a small holder who is willing to let go. It is only a question of time; and a very short time at that."

[To Be Continued.]

It Wasn't the Sermon.

A young preacher in an uptown church was much struck one Sunday by the seeming effect his sermon was having upon one of his congregation, a shabby-genteel man with white hair, who, during the entire discourse, sat with head bowed in deeply reverent attitude. After the service the minister pushed his way to the man and proudly said:

"I am glad to note that my sermon affected you. Did it make you see the error of your ways?"

"O, it wasn't that," said the man sheepishly. "You see, my waistcoat is too short and I had to bend over to hide my shirt."—N. Y. Sun.

Unconvinced.

He met his sweetheart of hyegone years. She had greatly changed, but was still coquettish.

"Do you remember," she asked, "that lock of hair which I gave you just before we parted?"

He frowned.

"Remember it!" he cried. "I should say I did. Years afterwards my wife found it among my papers and has been fussing over it ever since."

"And what did you tell her?"

"I—I told her it must have been a souvenir of a lamented dog."

"Goodness! And what did she say?"

"She said she had never heard of a dog with golden hair."—Cassell's Journal.

It's a Pity.

An Englishman and an Irishman while having their dinner in a restaurant got into conversation. The Englishman had only one leg and Pat, rather inquisitive, inquired how he had the misfortune to lose it. Thinking to have a joke at Pat's expense, the Englishman replied: "I was always given to understand that my great-grandmother was Irish and the Irish blood from her settled in my leg, and sooner than have any Irish blood in me I had the leg cut off."

"Shure, then," said Pat, "it's a pity it didn't settle in your head."—Cassell's Journal.

Increase of Symptoms.

Doctor—Mrs. Blim, you don't seem to sympathize with your sick husband.

Mrs. Blim—Doctor, I don't dare to; makes him lots worse.—Detroit Free Press.

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wonder how long it will take us to become used to the pure food when we finally get it?

When automobile and balloon racing become too tame there remains the submarine boat.

Kansas will gladly avail itself of any kind of help in harvesting its corn crop so long as it is husky.

Milliners will rejoice to hear that 75,000 songbirds and parrots have been imported from Europe.

According to Dr. Parkhurst, a man can be wicked without being rich. Yes, but it doesn't pay to be.

So Boston has a new anti-spitting ordinance. But who would have thought that Boston needs such a law.

Now that eggs are suspected of harboring disease germs, it seems to be up to the pure food commission to label them.

King Edward's fame is not diminishing. Following up the hotel and cigar den, somebody has named a necktie after him.

As a world power Japan should not be surprised at the information that we have in this country a considerable number of boxers.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt says that rich men love their wives just as poor men do. Some rich men love other men's wives just as poor men don't.

A Brazilian count astonished his guests by leaping into a den of lions. The effect upon the lions must also have been stunning, for the lions took the count.

Gen. Kuropatkin has written a history of the war between Russia and Japan. None of the Japanese generals apparently thinks it is necessary to do any writing on the subject.

Burbank has produced an apple that is red and sweet on one side and yellow and sour on the other. What a popular apple this will be with the schoolboy of the future, whose best girl may like sweet while he likes sour.

The new evening dress coat in London will be a blue swallow-tail with brass buttons. That will be the real Daniel Webster coat, which ex-Mayor Curtis' father used to wear, and it is to be hoped that the buff waistcoat will go with it.

A story comes from Kansas that a negro is turning into a watermelon, but we can't help thinking there is something twisted about this story. If the "turning into" were turned the other way around it would sound more convincing.

An Oklahoma woman has vowed that she will never eat again until her husband is converted. As the man when last heard from was still holding out he must be a miserly wretch who plans to save the food his wife would otherwise eat.

At Uniontown, Pa., a man who was charged with bigamy begged that the authorities would put him in jail without a trial because he was afraid to meet his wives in court. It is difficult to understand how a man with as much wisdom as that could make the mistake of committing bigamy.

Such are the uncertainties of fame. Not many years ago Sir Redvers Buller was regarded as one of the greatest soldiers in the British army. But the manner in which Sir Redvers conducted the campaign for the relief of Ladysmith during the Boer war brought him into disfavor with the war office in London and he was side-tracked. His complete disappearance from active service, remarks the Troy (N. Y.) Times, is now effected by placing him on the retired list.

The post office department's idea of printing special stamps for the 26 largest post offices, with the names of the cities for which the stamps are issued, running across the face, and of over-printing ordinary stamps for the remaining post offices of the three highest classes—about 5,500 offices—with the same of the place and abbreviated state name, will give philatelists a new field of enterprise, if they care to enter it. A complete collection of United States stamps then would be a big one—and almost as interesting as a complete collection of United States postmarks.

Before long the students of Geography will have to add a new river to the list of streams in Africa. The duke of Abruzzi, who has been exploring the region of the Mountains of the Moon, has found a river that is marked on no existing maps.

Aesthetics in the Matter of One's Diet

By JOSIAH OLDFIELD.



I HAVE no quarrel with the school of ascetics. The conquest of every passion must always be an object of respectful reverence.

There are those who have reduced the cravings of appetite so that a piece of bread and a glass of water satisfy all the desires of the body. For these I have no message.

There are others, and they form the greater bulk of the community, to whom the pleasures of the table are very real joys. They sit down to a well-served meal with a sense of satisfaction and rise from it again with a heartfelt grace of thankfulness for all the good things they have so thoroughly enjoyed.

I throw my lot unhesitatingly with those who rejoice over the bountiful gift that the earth offers for man's sustenance, and only modify my raptures by agreeing with the wise man when he says: "Better is a dinner of herbs and peace withal, than a stalled ox and enmity therewith."

If, then, feeding is a thing of pleasure as well as a thing of necessity, it is worth while cultivating it as something of value and more precious than the mere possession of much gold.

There are to-day a rapidly growing number of men and women, of artistic temperament and aesthetic tastes, to whom the joys of clean feeding and dainty living are appealing more and more strongly, and who are demanding that their food shall harmonize with their aspirations about beauty and not disgust them with revelations as to its unsavory origin.

This is the class to which my message is meant, and for whom I have a word of helpful teaching.

For nearly a quarter of a century I have eaten no flesh food, and so I have tested fully and for myself in practice both sides of the question.

I am not a vegetarian, and have no sympathy with many of the foolish fads which are being promulgated under that title, but, as a fruitarian I am more and more conscious that the progress of the higher classes is from carnivorousness towards fruitarianism—from meat-eating towards fruit-eating.

In the realm of fruits there is life and sustenance, as well as art and beauty. From a dietary wisely selected from the vegetable world there is hope for the confirmed dyspeptic, color to be regained by the waxen white anæmic, strength to be won anew by the devitalized and debilitated, complexion to be touched afresh with the bloom of health, and life to be lengthened and pain overcome.

It is from our food that every cell of our body is built up again and again, so that if we use beautiful and healthy food we may rightly hope in time to possess more completely beautiful and healthy bodies.

A Thought on Our Unfinished Plans

By DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

achieved.

And in character we are plans, not cathedrals; cartoons, not pictures; thumbnail sketches, not perfect drawings; bundles of resolves, rather than great minds and hearts in whom morality is automatic and truth and goodness unconscious because native. But it is nothing against a tree that in its ambition to do great things it unravels more blossoms than it can ripen fruit. It is nothing against a man or woman that their aspirations outrun their achievements.

For a man made in the image of God, who carries eternity in his heart and has a million years in which to fulfill his dreams, it is all right to hitch the wagon to a star. Moses was very much depressed an hour before he died because his plans were unfulfilled. But when Christ came to the Mount of Transfiguration it was Moses who appeared to Him and had come to help plan the new ideal commonwealth. It seems that Moses had been building cities in God's summer land. After a thousand years of experience he brought his wisdom and success for encouragement to Jesus Christ in the hour when He was on His Mount looking across into His promised land, for Christ was not to build His new palaces of peace in the life that now is, but in the life that was to come.

What if the gifted youth be denied his chance? What if the poet's songs be unused? What if the reformer's dreams be unfulfilled? What if the mother must die before her children achieve their success? What if Moses never builds his Jerusalem in the Promised Land? God understands the blossom; He does not have to see each bud ripened into the perfect fruit. It is given to an earthly parent to be contented with the child's intention and purpose. And if we, being evil, see far off and future things done by our little children, is not God able to see the plan perfected that we never can see?

"I know not where His islands lift their fringed palms in air; I only know I cannot drift beyond His love and care."

The Immortality of the Soul

By REV. JUDSON TITSWORTH, Milwaukee.

ple studied the personal individualities of their fellow men.

The development of man is a development of his spiritual being and a widening of his religious intellect. Many of the obscure heavenly mysteries then become clear to him and his spiritual knowledge enables him to unravel many of the higher mysteries.

Perhaps the greatest mystery in religious life is the mystery of the human soul. The popular religious fancy that St. Peter will stand at the gate of heaven, waiting the entrance of the soul that has left the body, is not seriously believed by deep religious thinkers. A clear white light will penetrate a glass window, which will defy a green, yellow or blue ray, so will the spotless soul penetrate the heavenly atmosphere, when the unclean one will be unable.

Nothing is more beautiful than an excess of bloom, promise and aspiration in youth. But when the youth comes to old age the man grown gray looks back over his past and realizes that not one-tenth of what he had planned has been



The reality of personal immortality is the persistence of moral intellect. The conception came with the higher development of man. It became more noticeable when the spiritual and moral laws were more strictly followed, and when the people

WHY DUAL TARIFFS.

IMPORTANCE OF STARTING RIGHT ON THAT QUESTION.

Whenever Foreign Discrimination Compels Us to Adopt Two Different Sets of Schedules a Minimum Tariff Should First Be Established as a Basis.

Efforts have been made from time to time in these columns to point out the radical difference between a minimum and maximum tariff system and a maximum and minimum system. The necessity for emphasizing this distinction becomes apparent in view of the fact that substantially all the plans and schemes formulated for so-called "reciprocity" arrangements are based upon a maximum tariff from which a minimum tariff is to be created by means of reduced rates of duty. Almost without exception the advocates of a dual tariff for the United States start out with the maximum. Complete ignorance seems to prevail on this question.

The United States has no maximum tariff. The only tariff it has is the minimum—that is to say, the single set of duties adopted in 1897, as adequate for the protection of American labor and industry.

All the countries which have adopted a dual tariff have created maximum rates for trading purposes. They make their tariff duties higher than normal by from 25 to 100 per cent, in order that they have something to dicker with. After they have made concessions for the sake of advantages to be gained in export markets their tariff rates are only brought back to the normal. There has been no real reduction.

The United States cannot play this game of marking up and marking down tariffs under our existing tariff system. It has nothing but a minimum tariff to operate with; it has nothing to swap. Therefore, say the "reciprocity" people, let us install a dual tariff system, a maximum and a minimum.

Right here would come in the question of the vital distinction between a maximum and minimum tariff and a minimum and maximum tariff. If the existing schedule is to be the maximum from which reductions may be made in favor of imports from countries which grant to our exports their lowest tariff rates, that is one thing. If, however, the existing schedule is to be held as the minimum, to be increased as against imports from countries refusing to grant to our exports their lowest rates, that is another and a very different thing.

In the first case supposed—maximum and minimum—we should have a continually changing and unstable system of tariff duties. The producer who today operates under a 50 per cent. ad valorem duty, which insures his market, and under that duty rate contracts a year ahead for his labor and raw materials, may tomorrow, or next week, or next month, find that "by executive authority," conferred by act of congress, the duty rate has been reduced 20 per cent., and is now 40 per cent. ad valorem instead of 50 per cent. That would amount to a net reduction of ten per cent. in the selling price of his product. Of course he could not continue to pay the same rate of wages and the same prices for raw materials. He must shut down his works, lay off his work people, and stop buying raw materials, or else reduce wages.

We are not now arguing for the retention of the existing tariff schedule. That is not the question. What we are endeavoring to make clear is the fact that under a maximum and minimum tariff system a stable condition of rates of duty would become impossible. Therefore, we say, if we are to have a dual tariff at all—and very probably we must have two sets of schedules if we are to be prepared to punish countries discriminating unfairly against our exports—we should have a minimum and maximum, and not a maximum and minimum tariff.

Whatever may be our schedule of duty rates—whether the present Dingey rates or lower rates or higher rates—that schedule of rates should be the minimum, the irreducible minimum.

The interests alike of production and employment; of employer and employed; of wage payer and wage earner; of capital and labor; of the farmer or the miner who markets raw materials, the manufacturer who buys these raw materials, and the artisan who works them up into finished products ready for consumption—all these interests absolutely require a stable tariff, and irreducible minimum of duty rates.

As a rule, the advocates of a maximum tariff system intend through that system to bring about a material reduction of the existing tariff rates. The American Reciprocal Tariff League, for example, makes no secret of that intention. Pretty much all the reciprocity shouters are aiming at the same mark—all-around tariff reduction. Some protectionists are lending their sanction to dual tariff schemes, without comprehending that each and every one of these schemes has been devised as an indirect method of securing a general reduction of tariff rates and a larger competition of foreign products in the American market. To these protectionists we hope to make clear that there is a vital distinction between a maximum and minimum tariff and a minimum and maximum tariff. In minimum and maximum only is safety.

EXPORTED MANUFACTURES.

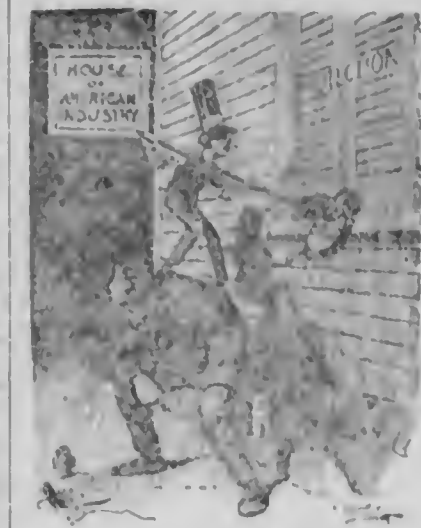
Why Wage Earners Will Vote for Protection.

It is curious to note the pathetic persistence of the New England tariff reform organs, of which the Boston Herald is chief. It admits that the tariff reform issue is nowhere to be made a state issue this year in clean-cut fashion—not even in Massachusetts. This evident popular disinclination to hear more of the subject does not deter the editors of the Herald, however. It goes on to present the staple argument of the revisionists, which is that we no longer need a tariff because we are exporting manufactures. It cites the export figures—\$161,000,000 worth of iron and steel, \$69,000,000 worth of wood and manufactures therefrom, \$53,000,000 worth of cotton goods, \$41,000,000 of leather and goods made therefrom, \$25,000,000 worth of agricultural implements (at "export prices"), \$25,000,000 worth of cars and carriages and \$16,000,000 of scientific instruments, and so on.

The Herald does not believe the protectionist assertion that these exports represent almost entirely the surplus product of our mills, and that it is sold abroad at the prices prevailing abroad merely because it swells the output and not only assists to reduce the cost but enables the manufacturer to keep his mill in steady operation, which the home market sometimes is not broad enough unaided to accomplish. Not only the manufacturer, but the worker, is the gainer. If the Herald does not believe the manufacturers' representations on this subject, let it interview the workers—say, for example, in the tin mills.

And what would the reduction or abolition of the tariff do? The export trade would go the other way then. Instead of holding all our own market and selling Europe our surplus, we should then see Europe holding its own market and selling us its surplus. Wouldn't the American wage earner rather see his own products going out than European products coming in? We think he would. And that's why he votes the Republican congressional ticket.—Pittsburg Press

TRYING TO BREAK IN.



It Does Make Votes.

"If the inspired campaign book would explain how a carpenter, a farmer, a house painter, a plumber, a stone mason, a bootblack, a teamster, a ditch digger, a hotel employee, a domestic servant, a railroad operative, a retail grocer, a clerk, a lawyer, a newspaper man, a clergyman, a physician, or others that might be mentioned, benefit by the tariff, it might make votes."—Springfield News.

There is not one among the vocations named which is not benefited by a protective tariff, not one among the millions who pursue those vocations that is not better paid, better employed, better fed, better clothed, and better housed than he could possibly be if we had no protective tariff. This is true of the mechanical trades, of the common laborers, of the professional men, of the bootblack, the newspaper man, the railroad operative, the domestic servant, the grocer, the clerk, the teamster—true of each and all of them. It is true of the Springfield News itself. We don't know whether that tariff-hating sheet was on earth in 1893-'97, but if it was it has only to compare its receipts and profits today with the receipts and profits of that dismal free-trade period in order to determine as to the indirect benefits of protection. As a matter of fact every man engaged in business and every man engaged in gainful occupation is benefited.

For First Voters to Consider.

A protective tariff is a sharply defined question in the campaign of 1906. First voters must necessarily divide upon it. Do they wish to protect American wages and industries from foreign competition, or open wide the ports to the products of cheap foreign labor, admitting it free from any duty of a home protective nature? Do first voters prefer to make the next house Democratic and so cut off the present administration from legislative support during its last two years? These are practical business questions for 1,500,000 first voters who are themselves, for the most part, just engaged in business. This year over 60,000 voters in Missouri are entitled to take part in their first state and congressional election. Yet there are Bourbonism who insist that this state is necessarily Democratic and that an old party label is of more consequence even to its young men than a living issue. It is a false view, and fresh surprises are in store for such hide-bound belittlement of political duty and opportunity.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat



THE CIGARETTE HABIT.

Some Plain Facts Regarding This Little Destroyer of Young Mankind.

We hold no brief for the cigarette, nor do we fail to recognize the fact that smoking by juveniles is an evil, but the case for remedying the evil is not helped by doubtful statements.

Everybody knows that tobacco is a poison, and the angustian, therefore, that tobacco is injurious because of its impurity or adulteration or because poisons are added to it are altogether beside the issue.

If the tobacco smoked were the purest possible leaf the evil of smoking by juveniles, in my opinion, would not be a whit the less. If it were otherwise, there would be no necessity for suppressing such smoking so long as the youth was supplied with pure tobacco.

Since tobacco is itself a poison, we need no further argument against its diffusion in it by the immature or its abuse by the grown-up person. We can well believe that certain tobaccos are more poisonous than others, but we much doubt whether substances more injurious than tobacco itself are added to the manufactured leaf.

Flavorings and sweetening substances, such as liquorice, glucose and glycerin, are often added, but these are harmless compared with pure tobacco itself.

Statements have been freely made that morphine, or even cocaine is added to cheap cigarettes in order to give them immediate soothing qualities or "to soften" the flavor of an otherwise harsh smoking tobacco. We cannot accept such statements, applied, at all events, to cigarettes retailed at five, or even six a pack.

The tobacco in such cigarettes is of an inferior and inexpensive kind, we admit, but we have not been able to find the smallest trace of foreign poisons in some very cheap cigarettes which we purchased only recently and submitted to careful analysis. We doubt whether it would pay to add such comparatively expensive poisons. Opium is not cheap, is it?

Tobacco of common quality is at any rate infinitely cheaper.

The danger of smoking arises from tobacco poisoning and it is a wholesale and unchecked poisoning of the child with tobacco, chiefly in the form of cigarette smoking, against which the nation is asked to find a remedy. On what lines such a remedy can be made effective we are not sure.

It is obvious that certain persons exhibit a different susceptibility to the poisonous action of tobacco even in the same country.—London Lancet.

FRANCE BECOMES FRIGHTENED.

Taking Up the Study of Effect of Alcohol on Body.

Scientific Temperance instruction is getting a strong foothold in France. In the schools, there are now text books covering the question, and the government offers prizes for the best essays on the question, not only by school children, but by mature scholars as well. Temperance restaurants are being promoted in Paris. La Croix tiene, the gospel temperance propaganda, now has about 4,000 reclaimed drunkards in its ranks. Recently 65 leading physicians, including officers of the medical department of the army and navy, in the department of Finistere, signed a manifesto to impress on the people the dangers of drink, saying that the ravages of alcohol threaten the very existence of the French nation. And this in the country where innocent American southsayers declare there is no drink problem, because the people drink "pure, harmless wine."

A Lesson in Etiquette.

One cigarette fiend has received an admonition as to the etiquette of the nauseous little things that will probably last him his short and not very useful life. With the usual indifference of his class to the ill-effects of things, he strolled aboard the battleship Texas, cigarette in mouth, while the crew was busily engaged in taking on powder. Nobody noticed the idiot for some minutes until he fell under the eagle eye of a detective attached to the ship, who made a jump for him, snatched away the cigarette, flung it over the side into the water, and taking the reluctant offender by the collar, yanked him up before Executive Officer Wadham, who said heaps to him that he will never forget. It is a pity that the executive officer could not have had more cigarette culprits to listen to his heated lecture.

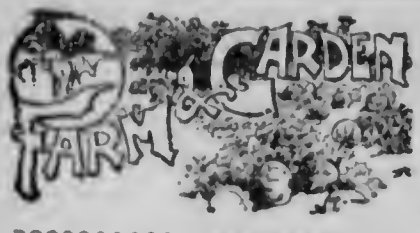
A Growsome Quip.

"Juggins is in a terrible state of nervous alcoholism," said one unfeeling friend.

"Yes," answered the others. "He always used to be shaking for the drinks. Now he's drinking for the shakes."—Washington Star.

For Soldiers on the March.

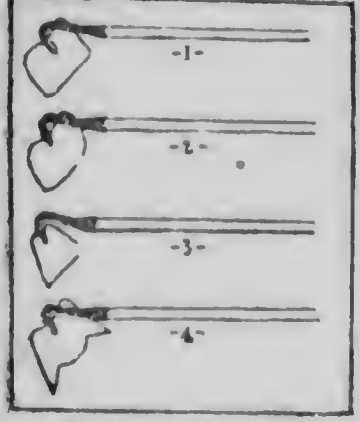
In the Swedish army soldiers on the march have been ordered to refrain from spirits. Oranges and tea have been substituted by the authorities, the effect having proved immeasurably superior to alcoholic drinks.



FOR THE GARDEN.

Kinds of Hoes That Will Prove Useful in Cultivating Vegetables.

For general use in the garden I like a bushing hoe, one that is wide, so as to cut over a large surface or move a good lot of soil at each stroke, and sharp, so as to cut deep and easy. A good file ought to be kept near at hand. But we also want hoes that can be used in weeding and especially in weeding onions grown by the transplanting method. They stand several inches apart and will admit of work-



HOES IN VARIETY.

(1, Light and sharp; 2, worn out hoe cut down for weeds; 3, onion hoe; 4, new style.)

ing among them with a narrow bladed hoe. I used to take an old, well worn hoe, one practically past its usefulness, and cut the blade down at both sides, so as to leave it from corner to corner only two or two and one-half inches wide, and the corners themselves at an acute angle, says a writer in Farm and Fireside. As to the new style hoe, it is surely sharp and I believe of just the right form to be serviceable for use as a weeder in onions and other close planted stuff. In short, with hoes of the right kind it seems to be not much of a curve to be "the man with the hoe."

INITIATIVE IN FARMING.

It is the Ability to Originate New Methods.

What is called "initiative" is the ability to begin a new thing without that new thing being suggested by the example or the words of another. Few people comparatively have this power of initiative. The ones that have it are the ones that lead in new enterprises. The faculty is acquired by study and by using methods to get the mind out of the ruts. Initiative is needed on the farm as well as elsewhere. It is a difficult thing for a farmer to begin an entirely new process, yet the beginning of a new process in farming is often revolutionary in its effects. Because men find it so difficult to originate new thoughts is the reason why the development of the race has been slow up to the last hundred years, in which time this quality of the mind has been greatly stimulated. Perhaps this has in itself been due to imitation, the world desiring to imitate the men that have made great successes by initiating new things. In the domain of farming, says Farmers' Review, we have had the illustrious example of such men as have brought to light the presence of the tubercle of the leguminous plants, and those that have shown the way to raise sub-tropical plants in our northern climate. Initiative in farming will yet give us new processes, of which our minds have not yet formed a conception.

COWPEAS FOR LAWNS.

Grown and Plowed Under They Help Get Good Stand of Grass.

The great value of cowpeas as a nitrogen gatherer and natural fertilizer has long been known. Their importance in making lawns should be better understood. Under the most favorable conditions it is quite a serious task to get a lawn well started. The usual result of digging the cellar and grading the lawn is that the good soil is removed or covered with sub-soil. Cowpeas will mellow such soil and put fertility into it sooner and more effectively than any other plant. In the South cowpeas are extensively used for this purpose. In the villages and small cities one sees a crop of cowpeas in front of the new houses everywhere. Usually one crop is enough to prepare the soil for lawn grasses, but on very poor soil two crops may be required. The soil is thereby put into the right physical condition, nitrogen and humus are added and weeds are choked out completely.

NOTES.

Keep a keen eye on your hard-earned cash. Ever hear of a harness thief leaving a trace behind him? The man who wants to find fault needn't, as a rule, climb over his own fence. "Turn to the right" is the rule of the road, and it is also the only safe rule of life. One ear of good, selected seed corn, hanging by the husks in a cool, airy place, protected from mice and sparrows, is worth nine in the shock.—Farm Journal.

GOOD PAINT AS AN ASSET. Farm Buildings Should Be Kept Well Protected to Prevent Loss.

Among all the routine expenses of the property owner there is none that yields more satisfactory returns than good paint. In this respect it is like fire insurance, but with a difference. Fire is accidental and when an insured building burns, the insurance company pays a good proportion of the cost of rebuilding. But when a building suffers for the lack of paint—as it must suffer if painting is neglected—the owner bears the entire loss. It is the height of improvidence, therefore, to allow a property to deteriorate for the lack of a coat of good paint in season; for paint is not only a form of insurance that pays its own premiums, but in the selling value it adds to a building, it is an actual cash asset.

The best time to paint is in the spring or the fall, when the weather is settled, and paint applied at the proper time will wear better and protect better than if applied at an unfavorable season.

For ordinary use there is nothing superior to the better grades of ready-mixed paints put on the market by responsible manufacturers. They can be bought anywhere in convenient quantities, and of any desired tint or shade, from local dealers. A little inquiry regarding the local record of any such paint offered for sale will usually enable the consumer to judge of its quality.

So much for the selection of the paint, its application should be left to a good painter, who will get better results, with less material, from any form of paint than the unskilled novice can obtain.

WITCH-HAZEL.

A Description of This Valuable Medicinal Shrub.

The witch-hazel, Hamamelis Virginiana, is a shrub or small tree with a maximum height of 25 feet, usually sending up from the ground numerous diverging stems. The bark is light brown, broken into small thin scales and covers a hard, close-grained wood, light brown in color, slightly tinged with red.

Later in the autumn as the leaves are falling clusters of bright yellow



Witch-Hazel.

flowers appear upon the sides of the branches. They each have four long slender petals, four short stamens and a two-lobed ovary. The fruit is a woody capsule, containing a single hard seed in each of its two cells. The seed ripens in the fall, following the flowering and when the capsule bursts it is hurled a considerable distance.

The witch-hazel is found in low woods from Nova Scotia to Manitoba, extending its range as far south as Florida and Texas. Many superstitions are connected with it. It is help hidden springs of water, concealed treasure and rich ores are said to have been discovered. Its magic power is doubtless imaginary, but from its bark and leaves distilled in alcohol a fluid extract is made with remarkable soothing and healing properties.

MAKING ICE AT HOME.

How It Can Be Done During the Severe Cold Weather.

Secure several vessels with flaring sides like tubs, half-barrels or large pails and clean them thoroughly. Then when the first severe freezing weather sets in place these vessels, filled with clean well water in a depth of one foot in exposed places. One or two nights of freezing will convert the water into a solid cake of ice and about 20 tubs will make a ton.

To secure clear ice stir the water vigorously for a while before allowing it to freeze to cause the air to leave it. When frozen solid not the tub for a moment in some boiling water and the cake can be removed easily. Place these blocks into storage at once and refill the tubs. A few days of zero weather will in this way provide several tons of good ice. Four or five tons will supply an average family for the entire summer.

If you have no good ice house, Farm and Home suggests the inclosing of a storage bin in the corner of the barn. Build a box on the north side of the barn and protect it with a good layer of straw or hay. Provide for drainage and ventilation with an opening for removing the ice at the top. A space ten feet each way will hold eight to ten tons. Pack well in sawdust and cover the whole with a pile of hay and you will have ice all summer.

If you ever get land hungry, just get at it and work what you have a little better. You won't be sorry.

THE GIRL IN RED

By H. M. Gardner

Nell—if you don't mind, I'm going to—lodge, to-night."

The words were out at last. Not daring to look at her, I gulped the steaming coffee and covertly over the edge of the cup, gave her a quick glance. Instead of tears, greatly to my surprise, a pleased expression illumined her face. Arising, she swept over to me and threw her arms lovingly about my shoulders.

"Do go, Jack; it will do you good. It'll be at least an effort to remain here."

"Honest, Nell?" I queried, drawing her on my lap and gazing at her questioningly. "Really won't you feel badly, if I go?"

"Not the least little bit. I want you to go."

She was very insistent on my going and later as I walked to the club, I could not help thinking of her eagerness to get me off. We had been married but a few months and this was the first night that I had left her alone. Nell is one of those lovable, clinging sort of women, and I had expected a burst of tears and plaint that I no longer loved her. Her manner to say the least was surprisingly different. It puzzled me.

But Nell's actions, however, were soon forgotten. At the club, I was hailed as one back from the dead. The boys crowded about me, chaffed and joked about giving the "old lady" the slip and welcomed me into their midst, with open arms. There were initiations—and never were candidates put through more ridiculous stunts. I entered into the sport with the abandon of youth. It seemed good to be free—to get out with the boys again. Once more I was the reckless, fun-loving, devil-may-care fellow that my friends had known.

The speeches and toasts were unusually witty; glasses clinked merrily and the glitter, the laughter, the song, I guess went to my head. A sort of resentment against Nell for having kept me tied so closely to her apron string, crept into my breast.

The banquet broke up, but I did not go home. The night air was glorious. Never had I known night to possess such alluring charm. A party of six kindred spirits, set out to "do the town." The full moon riding high in the heavens, smilingly beamed its approval. A policeman lurking in the shadow of an electric light pole, watched us suspiciously. Music attracted us. A masquerade ball was being held in a nearby hall and we broke in upon the dance, as the music crashed and the dancers swept out upon the polished floor.

A dainty little creature robed in quaint Japanese costume, coyly approached on tip toes and chucking me under the chin, flirted gaily away. I tried to pursue but Mephisto in flaming red, with a denure little black-draped nun in his arms, laughingly bumped me back into the crowd. There was an agonizing shriek of pain and then a green hued umbrella was brought forcibly down on my head and shoulders. I had stepped on someone's pet cat.

Escaping, I turned to follow the coquetting little Jap, but she had become lost in the whirling vortex of dancers. I stood fascinated. All about me was life—life that I had once known. Grotesque and fanciful attired maskers, waited and paraded before me. The hall was brilliant with electric bulbs; the orchestra crashed inspiring music from behind the palms; the scene was ever changing and the merry laughter and buzz of the gay throng was contagious. It sent the dormant blood raging through my veins.

In the arms of a pillow-stuffed jing-wench, a moment later, I was jangling through the crowd. I lost my silk hat in the shuffle and stooped to regain it.

Hang! I was struck amidships and was sent sprawling on all fours. A fat woman sat gracefully down on the small of my back. With every effort to arise, she plumped down harder, threatening to flatten me like a pancake. My grunts brought my friends to my assistance and she was raised. Grappling my battered hat, I fled.

But zip! The treacherous slippery floor slid out from under me and sent

my feet plovetting into the air and my head downward. I landed on the back of my neck and then rather dazedly sat up. Surrounding me on every side was a laughing, jesting crowd. Knight errants, clowns, monks, colonial dames and sportive misses whose abbreviated skirts allowed a display of daintily turned ankles, were hilarious over my discomfiture.

I tried to join in their merriment—a dull sickening feeling overcame me. I suddenly awakened to my true self and my thoughts returned to Nell—dear trusting girl, awaiting alone at home for my return. With conscience severely pricking, I staggered to my feet. Disgusted and mentally berating myself for being an ass, I turned to leave the hall.

A girl attired in red; red dress, red slippers, red gloves, red hat and red mask tilted past me. I stopped abruptly. The figure was strangely familiar. I stood, bewildered, puzzled—and then, as my gaze followed the red masked figure whirling about the ball-room, my breath came quick and short. The nails of my clenched hands dug deeply into the flesh.

"Ah! I saw it all, now. I saw why she was so anxious I should go to lodge. Never could I have dreamed of such a thing—such treachery, such wanton deceit. But here—"

The music ceased playing and the dancers were leaving the floor. Leaning on the arm of a cavalier, she entered the palm room.

"Would I follow?" My hesitation was only momentary. My wrath and indignation increased with each passing moment and the thoughts crowding through my brain, made me frantic. I walked quickly across the floor and savagely brushed aside the curtains.

I staggered back, clutching the draperies for support. My head seemed to swing and a mist gathered before my eyes.

The fellow had deliberately kissed her.

There they sat, her head resting contentedly on his shoulder and he holding her in tight embrace.

And I, fool that I was, thought her home, fretful and anxious for my return. The slight maddened me to desperation.

A few swift strides and I stood before them. The man angry at my intrusion, attempted to arise, but before he could do so, I seized him by the shoulders and with almost superhuman strength, hurled him from me, sprawling to the floor. Turning I gazed at his companion, who cowered trembling in the seat.

"So this, was why you were so eager, that I should go to lodge? Wanted to meet this chivalrous lover of yours, eh?"

Contemptuously I gazed down on her. Every muscle and fiber in me longed to send her to the floor, following her erasing paramour. Savagely my hands clinched and unclenched.

"This gay Lothario; who is he?" I demanded.

Fearfully her hand sought the mask as if to remove it, but after a moment's pause, fell mechanically back into her lap. The engagement diamond sparkled on her gloved finger, its dazzling brilliancy mocked me and I wanted to tear it from her hand.

"Damn it, can't you speak; can't you talk?" I cried. "Let's see your face—let's see if it has any shame in it?"

She attempted to arise.

Reaching forward with a savage jerk, I tore away the mask.

The revelation staggered me.

I heeled—not my wife—but the cook.

She had appropriated jewelry and wardrobe from the mistress.

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Croquet.

Croquet stands as high in favor today as it did when Leech immortalized the game in the Punches of the 60's and 70's, says M. A. P. Croquet is played in London and the country, at Ranelagh and Hurlingham. Several men and women in smart society have become experts, and much high betting takes place when a match is in progress.

Tomb of Sarah Bernhardt.



In Pere la Chaise Cemetery, Paris. Long may it be unoccupied!

1855 Berea College 1906-7
FOR THE ASPIRING YOUNG PEOPLE OF THE MOUNTAINS
Places the BEST EDUCATION in reach of all
Over 50 instructors, 1017 students from 27 states.
Largest college library in Kentucky. NO SALOONS.

A special teacher for each grade and for each main subject. So many classes that each student can be placed with others like himself where he can make most rapid progress.

Which Department Will You Enter?

THE MODEL SCHOOLS for those least advanced. Same lectures, library and general advantages as for more advanced students. Arithmetic and the common branches taught in the right way. Drawing, Singing, Bible, Handwork, Lessons in Farm and Household Management, etc. Free text books.

TRADE COURSES for any who have finished fifth grade, (fraction and compound numbers) Brickwork, Farm Management, Printing, Woodwork, Nursing, Dressmaking, Household Management, "Learn and Earn."

ACADEMY, REGULAR COURSE, 2 years, for those who have largely finished common-branches. The most practical and interesting studies to fit a young person for an honorable and useful life.

Choice of Studies is offered in this course so that a young man may secure a diploma in Agriculture and a young lady in Home Science.

ACADEMY, COMMERCIAL, 2 years to fit for business. Even a part of this course, as fall and winter terms, is very profitable. Small extra fees.

ACADEMY, PREPARATORY, two, three and four year courses, with Latin, German, Algebra, History, Science, etc., fitting for college.

COLLEGIATE, four years, Literary, Scientific and Classical courses, with use of laboratories, scientific apparatus, and all modern methods. The highest educational standards.

NORMAL, three and four-year courses fit for the profession of teaching. First year, parallel to 8th grade Model Schools, enables one to get a first-class certificate. Following years (winter and spring terms) give the information, culture and training necessary for a true teacher, and cover branches necessary for State certificate.

MUSIC, Singing (free), Reed Organ, Voice Culture, Piano, Theory, Band, may be taken as an extra in connection with any course. Small extra fees.

Expenses, Regulations, Opening Days.

Berea College is not a money-making institution. All the money received from students is paid out for their benefit, and the School expends on an average upon each student about fifty dollars a year more than he pays in. This great deficit is made up by the gifts of Christian and patriotic people who are supporting Berea in order that it may train young men and women for lives of usefulness.

Planning for a Year of School.

PERSONAL EXPENSES for clothing, laundry, postage, books, etc., vary with different people. Berea favors plain clothing. Our climate is the best, but as students must attend classes regardless of the weather, warm wraps and underclothing, umbrellas and overshoes, are necessary. The Co-operative Store furnishes books, toilet articles, work uniforms, umbrellas and other necessary articles at cost.

LIVING EXPENSES are really below cost. The College asks no rent for the fine buildings in which students live, charging only enough roomrent to pay for cleaning, repairs, fuel, lights, and washing of bedding and towels. For table board, without coffee or extras, \$1.35 a week in the fall, and \$1.50 in winter.

SCHOOL FEES are two. First a "Dollar Deposit," as guarantee for return of room key, library books, etc.

Second an "Incidental Fee" to help on expenses for care of school buildings, hospital, library, etc. (Students pay nothing for tuition or services of teachers—all our instruction is a free gift). The Incidental Fee for most students is \$5.00 a term (\$4.00 in lower Model Schools, \$6.00 in courses with Latin, and \$7.00 in Collegiate courses).

ADVANCE PAYMENT, for school fees, board and furnished room, for fall term, 14 weeks, (Incidental Fee \$5.00; dollar deposit to be returned at end of term) \$30.00.

Those who do not pay all in advance must pay as follows: Incidental Fee (no refunding) and roomrent for term, board for five weeks in advance, making, with dollar deposit: Payment for first day, \$18.35; 35th day, \$6.75; 70th day, \$5.40.

OUR SCHOOL IS LIKE A FAMILY, with careful regulations to protect the character and reputation of the young people. Our students come from the best families and are earnest to do well and improve. For any who may be sick the College provides doctor and nurse without extra charge.

All except those with parents in Berea live in College buildings, and assist in work of boarding hall, farm and shops, receiving valuable training, and getting pay according to the value of their labor. Except in winter it is expected that all will have a chance to earn as much as 35 cents a week. Some who need to earn more may, by writing to the Secretary before coming, secure extra employment so as to earn from 50 cents to one dollar a week.

The best time to come to Berea, and the most favorable time to study, is in the fall.

It is important to come the first day, September 12, and stay till the end, December 19.

For further information and friendly advice, write to the Secretary.

WILL C. GAMBLE,
BEREA, KENTUCKY.

Madison County Roller Mills
Manufacturers Fancy Roller Flour
Corn Meal Ship Stuffs Crushed Corn, Etc.
Our "GOLD DUST" Roller Flour will be hard to beat
"PRIDE OF MADISON" is another Excellent Flour
Potts & Duerson,
White Station, Ky.

THE HOME

Some Meat Recipes.

Liver and Onions—Cut the liver in half-inch slices, and pour boiling water over it, leaving it for ten minutes. Remove from the hot water, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in flour, and fry in bacon fat. As soon as the liver is well seared over on one side, turn and then cover thickly with thinly sliced onions. Put lid on the frying pan and place where the contents will cook slowly. Season the onions with salt and pepper, stir occasionally to keep from scorching, and cook until both liver and onions are thoroughly done. Serve hot.

Minced Liver—Boil liver half an hour, remove all stringy portions, and chop fine. Place a tablespoonful of butter in a sauce pan, rub into it a tablespoonful of flour, then add one cup of meat stock or hot water. Boil well, add the minced liver and season with salt and pepper. Serve hot with toast or potatoes.

Meat Loaf—Chop five two pounds of raw lean beef and one-fourth of a pound of fat salt pork. Add four good sized potatoes grated or chopped fine with one onion, one-half cup dry bread or cracker crumbs, and two eggs. Mix well, adding water if needed to form into a loaf and it like bread. When smooth, pack in a pan, set in a larger pan of water, and bake for two hours. Baste with butter and hot water.

THE SCHOOL

School Exhibition and Exposition.

By Prof. J. W. Dinwiddie
(Continued from last week)

It will be the duty of the committee on program to see that each one is assigned to some suitable part. Requests may be considered but the decision of the committee is final unless it sees fit to reconsider. The program should be instructive, practical and entertaining. Patriotic selections should always form a part. The following is offered as suggestive only: 1. Order, School Hymn, Prayer by clergyman or other visitor, School Song, Essay: A Day in School, Declaration, Memory gems by First Reader Class, Motion Song by primary grades, Essay: Springtime on the Farm, Declaration: The Power of Habit (John B. Gough), Temperance Song, Flag Drill, Declaration: Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, Song: National Anthem, Oration: What our Country Needs; by largest boy, History Drill, by advanced students, Current Events, School paper, Declaration: Unpopular Selection, Original Story by fifth grade pupil, Short Speeches by visitors, Speech by teacher: What our School is and Should be, Song: National Hymn.

The commonest fault of programs is that they are too long. If the exhibition is held in the day time (which it should be) it may consume the afternoon session; if at night not over two hours.

Having thus arranged the program the next thing is the preparation of the time for giving it publicly should be set not more than three or four days in advance. Sufficient time must be given for the preparation of papers so that school duties will not be seriously interfered with. This has elapsed drills and rehearsals are in order. These should be the very best effort of the teacher. His enthusiasm will inspire pupils. Parents and friends will expect well of us and we must not disappoint them.

The advertising committee has its duties. No cost of printing need be incurred. Neat hand bills can be made with pen or pencil, utilizing the best talent in the school in the lettering. A bright picture of a boy speaking his piece or a little girl reading her composition will make it more interesting. But the best advertising is by word of mouth. No fear but bills will give glowing accounts of what is coming when their enthusiasm has been properly aroused.

The operating committee should do a lot of planning before actual operations are begun. It is an opportunity to cultivate taste. When the bills are complete the whole school or a special committee may be appointed to secure supplies. Neatness and taste are prime essentials in advertising. Here is where the teacher's superior skill will be needed in giving directions.

At the proper time a meeting of all committees should be called and reported heard. If the appointed work of any is complete it may be discharged. As the time approaches every one should be impressed with a feeling of personal responsibility for the success of the exhibition. Parents also have been enlisted. The teacher has had the forethought to speak to Mr. A asking him to be prepared for a short talk on The District School When I Was a Boy; Mr. B on The Pressing Need of an Education in These Times; Mr. C, who was formerly a teacher, on The Disadvantages of Irregular Attendance. This completes the preparations.

When planned in some such way as this there is little doubt of the success of such an undertaking nor of its value to the community. The measure of the teacher will be taken by the character of the exercises, the order preserved and by the dispatch with which the program is carried out. When it is over let everything that would hinder in the work of the school be removed and the house put in order. The next morning at the opening of school a review of what has been accomplished may be given. Also held upon all who made honest efforts, and suggestions for improvement offered for future occasions.

THE FARM

Farm Journal Notes.

Mutton Chops—(Both RARE and WELL-DONE) A pound of chops of corn fed daily to sheep will be found a good ration where hay is scarce or poor in quality.

Another good ration can be found in feeding plenty of clover hay with about two gills of corn per head daily.

Corn should always be carefully fed to sheep, as it is liable to cause them to be feverish.

As yearning time approaches, the grain ration should be dropped and a full supply of bright clover hay given.

The breeding ewes must be kept up in strong, thrifty condition, but not allowed to become overfat or feverish.

Turnips, as well as sugar beets, should be liberally fed. Corn stalks when cut and cared bright before frost are much relished by sheep.

See that the pens are free from drafts, but be sure to have good ventilation.

A close, stuffy pen is fatal to sheep. Drafts are also fatal.

They should have the run of a good, clean yard, but should be kept in during cold storms.

The feeding racks should be cleaned after every feeding, as the sheep never relish fodder that has been breathed on. Always have a good clean supply of water.

Winter Eggs—How to Get Them.—When pullets intended for winter laying are put in their winter quarters, see that there are no drafts, the floors are dry, and that the houses may be well ventilated from south rather than from the north or west.

An excellent plan for insuring warmth is to have heavy curtains around roosts, and when the nights are very chilly let these curtains down. This way the natural heat of the fowls will be conserved, and there will be little danger of frosted combs or wattles.

For the hens that are to lay during December and January, provide a bath, see that oyster shell and grit are constantly within reach, and the fowls are supplied with pure water and plenty of grain—wheat or best for dry feeding and corn for night, especially during zero weather.

Secure plenty of clover, keep it where it will not become musty, and see that the pullets have all they will eat.

Give a feed of meat scraps at least once a week or oftener, if there is market near enough where it may be secured.

Charcoal can be purchased at a hardware store, or a kiln can be made and any amount burned. Give a handful of this, powdered, mixed with table scraps or mash, or it can be left in a box in the pen, where the hens can help themselves as at will.

In addition to this, an occasional cabbage can be fed; compel the fowls to tear apart for themselves.

Never feed sloppy foods in winter (or any other time for that matter). Even bran mash is best if made as thick as possible.

Eighth Kentucky History.

Thrilling Story of the Part this Gallant Regiment took in the Civil War

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

It was now evident to all that a great battle was inevitable and we rolled our selves up in our gun blankets for a few hours sleep, not knowing how many of our little regiment would sleep the sleep that knows no waking before the shades of another day had closed around us, hoping to be among those who would soon see the rebellion subdued into a lasting peace, that should be equally a blessing to North and South for many generations to come, we slept (after committing ourselves to Him who rules the destiny of nations) as sound as if no battle was pending or no danger near.

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.—The battle commenced about 8 a. m. of the 19th, on the extreme left wing of our line, General Brannan's division of Thomas' corps, being stationed on the Lafayette road leading to Chattanooga, was first attacked, the firing rapidly increasing, and from that time until sunset was that continuous roar of firearms that speaks of death.

In order that the reader may have a better understanding of the position of the Eighth Kentucky, I will state the order of our line of battle. Next on the right of Brannan's division was Hild's division of the same corps, next was General Johnson's division of McCook's corps, and on the right of Johnson's was Palmer's division of Crittenden's corps, and next ours (VanCleave's division), and on our right, Reynolds' division of Thomas' corps, which covered the ford at the mouth of Lee & Gordon, with Wilder's cavalry guarding the extreme right wing. Our brigade, commanded by Colonel Barnes, was formed in column closed in ranks, a small cavalry unit in front, but no thrilling speech, which I would reproduce here had I not lost my memorandum.

Our brigade was held in reserve near the river, below the hills, until about 2 p. m. The superior numbers of the enemy enabled them to overlap with heavy force each division of ours as they attacked them in succession, and by noon the enemy had gained some advantage. Our right and center were being hard pressed. At 3 p. m., they attacked Palmer's troops, and also overlapped them. Our division (VanCleave's) was then ordered to move forward. In our front and between our lines and the enemy lay several hundred yards of dense undergrowth. We moved through this brush by the right of companies, then into line through a small opening to the edge of a heavy timber in which the enemy was posted. While crossing the field their skirmish line gave us a scattering fire, then hastily withdrew to their main line, not, however, until we captured several of them scattered behind a low rail fence.

We continued a steady fire on the enemy's line in our front. Our men appeared in the best of spirits, notwithstanding the heavy fire they were pouring on us. This continued for about thirty minutes, and the enemy's line appeared to be giving back. Several of our regiment had fallen, badly wounded, among them being H. Tudor, Company C. We were expecting immediately to be ordered forward, when to our surprise, we were completely flanked on our right by a heavy force, who opened an enfilading fire on us, at the same time those on our front opened with renewed vigor, this time with several pieces of artillery. We were ordered to fall back across the field to the thicker woods mentioned, which we did in tolerable good order, under a terrific storm of shot and shell, leaving many of our wounded comrades in the field. We succeeded in carrying back with us Tudor, Company C, Logsdon and Webb, Company H, and several others. We straightened up our line on the other side of the brush, and then by the help of part of Wood's division succeeded in driving the enemy back to the timber. When night came, a fine quietness, except an occasional picket shot. It was with feelings of pride, blended with sorrow, that we returned our short companies of two dozen men each, in that thick, ornamental to our second advance into the field. It was sad to see those brave boys with clouded but determined faces, with the tears coursing down many of their powder-darkened cheeks, caused more from chagrin at being compelled to fall back than from the loss of comrades.

At dark, Colonel Barnes ordered Captain Wilson and myself with six men to carry a white flag into the cornfield after some of our wounded. A shower of bullets was the response. But we managed to get all of the Eighth boys off except those taken prisoners—Lieutenant Colonel Mayhew and five men. By this luminous, the poor, suffering wounded of friend and foe continued their piteous cries and groans with a heavy heart of both lines throughout the cold, frosty night. Never before did the horrors of war seem to us as cruel. We could distinctly hear their lamentable cries, "O, water, water!" and occasionally some poor, half-frenzied sufferer calling the name of some familiar comrade or friend to come there. Though we heard none of the Eighth wounded that we could recognize, several of our brave boys ventured after dark to rescue the bodies of the wounded of the Fifty-first Ohio. Considering the intense cold night, with our great coats and blankets far in the rear, our scant, poor rations, and being so near to so much suffering humanity without the privilege of giving any assistance, this certainly was the most miserable night the Eighth experienced during the war.

Early in the night, Company I, commanded by Captain Martin, was posted as pickets in an old field to the right of where our line engagement was, and he was relieved at midnight by the author with Company H, of the Eighth. Two hours later, our entire force fell back two miles further toward Chattanooga. With such profound silence was this withdrawal made, that we, on the skirmish line, were not apprised of the move.

(To be continued.)

"MUSS" STIRRED UP

BY TAFT'S ACTION IN SUSPENDING ROOSEVELT'S ORDER.

PRESIDENT'S DIFFICULT POSITION

But Does Not Know Protests Were Made—Blacks Want Dunne To Stop Tillman's Speech.

Washington, Nov. 21.—"Is there danger of the suspension by Secretary Taft of the president's order dissolving the three colored companies of the 25th infantry without honor causing friction between the president and the man who has been his chief lieutenant the past two years?"

This is the question public men and army officers are asking each other when they discuss this situation privately among themselves.

The situation is an embarrassing one for the president, whichever way of the dilemma he may take. After reviewing the facts in this case, as submitted to him, the president issued the now famous order that put a whole battalion of men out of the service dishonorably, and then started for the isthmus. Some comment has resulted because the order was not put into effect until after the election. The action of the president was supposed to be final, and if criticism followed it might be reasonably supposed that the incident in large measure would be forgotten before the president reached Washington.

Revived the Interest.

If this was the expectation, Secretary Taft succeeded admirably in reviving public interest and intensifying the criticism of the president's action. Of course, the president could not be expected to know of the deluge of complaints and protests in account of his order, with which his department was flooded after his departure, nor did he know that the New York republican club had condemned his action and called for fair play for these colored troops.

Secretary Taft did know these things, however, and he assumed the responsibility of suspending the executive order until the president could be heard from. Now, with the matter fresh in the public mind, the president must add to the weight of these protests by compelling submission to his original order, if he overrules the secretary, or he must admit that he may have acted hastily if he rescinds his order and reopens the case. What he will do may be known some day, which time Secretary Taft has been in communication with the president.

Meanwhile the war secretary will say nothing. He refused to say more than "I can't discuss the case at present." This was interpreted to mean that the secretary could say nothing until he heard from the president and received his instructions. The secretary also declined to say whether he had been in communication with the president by wire.

Chicago, Nov. 21.—Demands were made on Mayor Edward Dunne by a committee of negroes to stop United States Senator Benjamin R. Tillman's lecture next Tuesday night at the extra hall by police force if the senator persisted in addressing a congregation there for the benefit of the Chicago Union hospital.

The argument advanced by the committee which waited on the mayor was that Senator Tillman could not talk on any subject without bringing in the race problem, and that if he did talk he would excite a riot in Chicago.

TRAIN PLUNGES

Down Mountain Side, Killing or Wounding Every One Aboard.

Asheville, N. C., Nov. 21.—Rushing headlong down the mountain at a speed of about 80 or 90 miles an hour, Train No. 72, a heavy eastbound freight, left the track at a point near Old Port and the engine and entire train were demolished and all the train crew killed or hurt. A locomotive crossed over the mountain to a telegraph station and told the telegraph operator of the occurrence. The train dispatcher's office at Asheville was notified and two wrecking trains and physicians were sent out.

To Rest Near Independence Hall.

Edenton, N. C., Nov. 21.—The body of James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, who, with 55 other American patriots, signed the Declaration of Independence, was disinterred from its long resting place here preparatory to being sent to Philadelphia, where it will be deposited in Christ church burial grounds.

"Keeps" For Hannah.

Albany, N. Y., Nov. 21.—The court of appeals handed down a decision affirming the judgment of the appellate division, first department, which dismissed the appeal of John R. Platt from a decision denying his demand for the restitution of about \$684,000 by Hannah Elias.

Ate Wild Parapara.

Washington, Pa., Nov. 21.—Two foreigners are dead and 36 are violently ill, several of whom will die, at Millsboro, Pa., from eating wild parapara. The men lived at a boarding house and the parapara were prepared for the evening meal.

Richest Cardinal Dying.

Rome, Nov. 21.—The pope has sent his benediction to Cardinal Vasary, primate of Hungary, who is at the point of death. Vasary is the richest of the cardinals and contributed \$200,000 to the Holy See.

REAL ESTATE

I have a farm containing 74 acres, next to the pike, and in reach of Berea College. This is a very good farm. It has a large barn on it, good water, good barn and a good school. There are 15 acres in grass. This farm is worth more than I ask for it. There is now 4 acres in tobacco. The place that it is situated in is in Madison county.

Any one wanting the place will do well to call and see J. P. Bicknell at once.

I also have a good and improved farm in Berea for sale.

I can furnish you with anything you want—farm implements, best seed, Walter wagon, bugles, paints, oils, rubber, steel and glass. I make a specialty in putting on linings. If you will call at our store I will show you the latest and most improved and latest that are on the market. A perfect beauty and a great comfort to the lady in the kitchen. I have a very complete line of groceries, fresh dry goods, clothing and if you want a good suit of clothes at very little money, come and see me.

J. P. BICKNELL,

Real Estate Agent. BEREA, KENTUCKY.

WHO SAID GROCERIES

See also the new and improved the Long Island (No. 33) at large called by name and called for the nearest to

W. D. LOGSDON

At our store you will find everything at low prices, but the man to talk to.

At our store you will find everything at low prices, but the man to talk to.

All orders taken before 10 o'clock will be delivered before noon. All orders taken between 10 and 3 will be delivered afternoon.

Logsdon's Up-to-Date Grocery Store

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD.

Time Table in Effect, Jan. 1, 1906

Going North Train 4, Daily
Leave Louisville 8:30 a. m.
Arrive Nashville 4:10 p. m.
Arrive Knoxville 7:25 a. m.
Arrive Chattanooga 7:50 a. m.

Going South Train 2, Daily
Leave Nashville 1:24 p. m.
Arrive Louisville 2:45 p. m.
Arrive Knoxville 5:00 p. m.
Arrive Chattanooga 5:10 p. m.

Going North Train 3, Daily
Leave Nashville 1:24 p. m.
Arrive Louisville 2:45 p. m.
Arrive Knoxville 5:00 p. m.
Arrive Chattanooga 5:10 p. m.

Going South Train 1, Daily
Leave Louisville 12:20 a. m.
Arrive Nashville 7:10 a. m.

For more information, call on or address J. R. Henry at Knoxville, Ky.

W. H. BOWER, Ticket Agent

For Sale

I have for sale 100 acres of land, lying on the pike and on the river. It is only 2 1/2 miles west from Berea, containing the land of Frank Taylor. I also have one acre of land on the river and a place for a house. Call on or address J. R. Henry at Knoxville, Ky.

JAMES R. HENRY

Farms for Sale.

Twenty farms in Mississippi, well located, convenient, good land, well watered, on the railroad. Price \$1500 to \$2000, according to improvements. Five year time, no interest. Supplies for first year to experienced farmers who can offer and references. For particulars address Southern Commercial Co., Natchez, Miss.

FEELING LIVER-ISH This Morning?

TAKE

25,000 New Words New Glossary of the World

New Glossary of the World

2300 Quarto Pages

Needed in Every Home

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Duggan's (found money if it fails to cure. R. W. GROVES signature is on each box. 25c.

BOMB EXPLODED

AT THE ALTAR IN ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL IN ROME

WHERE PONTIFF WAS EXPECTED.

Machine of Death Had Defect, and Worshippers Escape Unhurt—Greatest Outrage of Centuries.

Rome, Nov. 18.—A bomb was exploded in St. Peter's. The office was crowded, and an indescribable scene of confusion followed. There were no fatalities.

As soon as the echoes of the tremendous roar had ceased a caution sought by reassuring words to quiet the people, but in vain. They fled in all directions, and a number of women fainted.

Women and children screamed and men tried to protect their families in the crush.

The church is so large, however, that there was ample room for the crowd to scatter, and no one was injured. No trace of the perpetrator of the deed has been found.

It was the anniversary of the dedication of the basilica to St. Peter, and it was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Holy relics were exposed and a large number of the faithful attended the services. Cardinal Rampolla, formerly papal secretary of state, was among those present. His took part in the service in the choir chapel. The last mass had just been concluded when the explosion occurred, and only one canon, who had not quite finished, remained at the altar of St. Petronilla. This altar is at the end of the right aisle, and it was near here that the bomb had been placed.

Like a Thunderclap.

As the canon turned to bless the communicants there was a tremendous roar, which echoed through the lofty arches of the immense dome like a thunderclap. At the same time a dense smoke spread throughout this portion of the basilica and a strong odor of gunpowder filled the air. Confusion and panic at once seized the people. The canon at the altar tried to stem the tide of fear. He shouted out:

"Do not be afraid. It is nothing, merely the noonday gun." His words, however, had little effect. They were refuted by the smoke and the pungent smell of powder, and the people continued their headlong flight. Men and women fled, stumbling in all directions, the screams of children and cries of anguish were heard on all sides, and for a few minutes it seemed as if nothing could obliterate a grave disaster. As soon as the smoke cleared away a hasty examination showed that nobody had been hurt in the crush, and that no one had been wounded. Calm was gradually restored, and some of the people returned to view the extent of the damage.

When the first goudarries reached the spot the scaffolding was found to be smoldering, but this fire was easily extinguished. The tomb was found to be absolutely uninjured, and even the pavement shows scarcely any signs of the explosion.

The pope was engaged in his regular noonday devotions when the bomb went off. The pontiff asked anxiously if the church had been injured. Upon being reassured he told his kneels, saying he must implore mercy for the misguided perpetrator of the deed.

SOUTH CYCLONE SWEEP.

Eight Lives Known To Have Been Lost and Buildings Demolished.

Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 19.—Eight persons are known to have lost their lives, scores of others are injured and property and crops suffered great damage, the extent of which, because of the meager reports yet obtainable, can not be estimated at this time as a result of one of the most terrific hail and wind and rain storms ever experienced in this section.

The storm, which originated on the Gulf, swept northward and in its course razed scores of substantial buildings, partially demolished hundreds of others, caused a complete derangement of railroad traffic and cut off telegraphic communication with many points in the affected territory.

Cotton in the fields blown down by the wind was beaten into the ground and if not totally was badly damaged. Besides the loss of life and property damage which is known to have occurred, a number of points directly in the pathway of the storm can not be contemplated with and when complete reports have been received it is feared the loss to both life and property will be greatly increased.

Returning To Ohio.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 19.—Dr. Leroy Craig has escaped from the dispen-sary ward of the asylum at Lincoln and is probably making his way back to Washington, D. C. Both Dr. Craig and his wife were committed to the asylum as confirmed cocaine fiends.

Race Up the Eiffel.

Paris, Nov. 19.—One hundred and twenty contestants took part in a peculiar race which consisted in running up the 731 steps leading to the second stage of the Eiffel tower. The winner made the distance in three minutes and four seconds.

Wanted At Columbus.

Kansas City, Nov. 19.—Harry Wisa, alias Lake, wanted in Columbus, O., Washington, D. C., and New York for robbery and burglary, is under arrest in this city. Wisa will be surrendered to the officers at Columbus.

MOTORIETY FORCED UPON PLATT

MAY CAUSE HIS RETIREMENT FROM U. S. SENATE.

His Resignation Said To Be Ready To Mail—Gov. Hughes To Name His Successor.

New York, Nov. 17.—Senator Thos. C. Platt will resign his seat in the United States senate on January 1.

One of the first official papers to reach the hands of Gov.-elect Hughes after he takes office will be the resignation of the senior senator from the state of New York.

There are reasons why Senator Platt will not resign before the first of the year, although the senate will convene for the winter session on December 3 and remain in session until March 4 or later.

The paramount reason for the delay is the bitter hostility felt by Senator Platt toward Gov. Higgins. His hatred of the governor is of the most inflexible character, and many things have entered into the situation to intensify his bitter resentment.

The prospective resignation of Senator Platt will come as a result of the notoriety incident to the sensational raid in search of evidence for a divorce suit made by his wife upon the house of Mary Lamonte, No. 211 West 38th street, which was followed by the signing of an agreement of separation.

Already the republican leaders in the state are discussing his possible successor, and the name of former Gov. Frank S. Black is freely mentioned. There is also some talk of Timothy L. Woodruff for the expected vacancy.

The latest onslaught upon the aged senator by his wife, formerly Mrs. Janeway, which has given rise to stories of a "double life" led by Mr. Platt, and which ended with the discovery and confiscation by the late woman of a pair of dainty high-heeled feminine boots, has proved to be the blow which will end his political career. Indeed, the senator, it is reported, has told intimate friends within the last 24 hours that it is his intention to retire.

This decision, as announced by the senior senator from the state of New York, was reached only after he had been advised by certain men who have been close to him for many years, that if he did not voluntarily retire from the senate before December 3 a movement would be inaugurated to cause his expulsion.

UNCLE SAM'S SLEUTHS

Succeed in Arresting Francis E. Martin, of Storey Cotton Co. Fame.

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 17.—Francis E. Martin, one of the principal figures in the Storey Cotton Co. failure in Philadelphia in 1905, was arrested here in the lobby of the Genesee hotel. Martin disappeared from Philadelphia on March 17, 1905, when the post office department raided the Storey Cotton Co. and since then he has been in Europe. He registered at the Genesee under the name of James Johnson. W. J. Hickery, chief post office inspector at Washington, had been tracing Martin's movements since his return to the United States, and Post Office Inspector Cortelyou, who has charge of the Philadelphia district, came to Buffalo to get his man.

He will be arraigned before United States District Commissioner Keating and taken to Philadelphia.

Pastors Join a Union.

Toledo, O., Nov. 17.—The Toledo Pastors' Union is now a full-fledged labor body, having been recognized by the Central Labor Union. The action of the pastors, all of whom are from Protestant churches, was prompted by a declaration of the Central Labor Union that they could do better work among the laboring classes if they became affiliated.

Larger Army Needed.

Chicago, Nov. 17.—The need of a large standing army and navy in the United States and the revival of a more active interest in these institutions by young men of to-day was sounded by Gen. W. H. Carter, commander of the department of the lakes, in an address at the annual banquet of the Western Society of the Army of the Potomac.

Big Harbor Blaze.

Naples, Nov. 17.—A conflagration is raging on the docks here, and the damage so far is estimated at \$500,000. Most of the ships in the harbor have cleared for the open sea. The North German Lloyd steamer Kronprinz Luitpold delayed her departure for New York in order to give assistance to the shipping.

Hearst's Campaign Proves Costly.

Albany, N. Y., Nov. 17.—Wm. R. Hearst, independence league and democratic candidate for governor, certified to the secretary of state that he had spent \$256,370 in promoting his campaign, divided as follows: Independence league, \$198,870; democratic state committee, \$57,500; travelling expenses, \$500.

Looted the Safe.

Guthrie, Okla., Nov. 17.—Robbers dynamited the safe in the bank of La Roma, at La Roma, Garfield county, and escaped with \$2,700 in cash. The bank had just received \$10,000 to pay farmers for their cotton, but the robbers overlooked this.

Famous Singer Arrested.

New York, Nov. 17.—Enrico Caruso, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House Co., was arrested while a visitor in the menagerie in Central park on a charge of disorderly conduct preferred by Mrs. Hannah Graham.

CLEANSING FRISCO

WORK HAS BEEN STARTED IN EARNEST BY GRAND JURY.

FIVE INDICTMENTS ARE RETURNED.

Political Leader and Chief Executive of Golden Gate City Are Charged With Extortion.

San Francisco, Nov. 16.—Mayor Eugene B. Schmitz, of this city, and his political adviser, Abe Ruef, were indicted by the grand jury on the charge of extortion. The indictments were based on the charges made by French restaurant keepers to the effect that Ruef and the mayor conspired to extort money from them for the purpose of protection from police interference.

Five separate true bills were presented against the chief executive and his adviser. The indictments charge that on different occasions Ruef and Schmitz compelled the payment of sums ranging from \$1,000 to \$1,175 from each of the individual restaurant men who needed protection for their resorts. Mayor Schmitz and Ruef are made co-defendants in all of the indictments in which they are jointly charged.

The grand jury made its report before Judge Murray, and his honor fixed the bail on each indictment at \$10,000. Ruef was taken into custody, but his bondsmen were promptly on hand and he was released upon depositing \$50,000.

Mayor Schmitz is on the Atlantic ocean en route to New York. A warrant awaits him on his arrival on American soil.

A previous grand jury investigated the matter, but was unable to get legal proof of extortion. It remained for Francis J. Henry, the brilliant attorney, and Secret Service Agent Wm. Burns to elicit the needed information that others had failed to get.

Attorney Henry asserts that the indictments returned are but a starter in the campaign that he is making against graft. He states that he hopes to indict other officials of the Schmitz administration.

The grand jury will resume its labors and it is expected that further true bills will be presented against the mayor, his advisers and their political followers.

Following is a copy of one of the five indictments presented:

According to the indictments Ruef and Schmitz on the 15th of January 1904, extorted \$1,175 from Tony Haney, of the Poodle Dog, and on February 6 of the same year they forced him to give up \$1,000 more. The third indictment is based on the extortion of \$1,175 from the proprietors of Marchand's restaurant. They are charged with demanding and receiving on the same day \$1,175 from the proprietors of Delmonico's restaurant. It is charged that on February 6 they forced these same men to yield \$1,000 by threatening to take away their liquor licenses.

FARMERS TAKEN INTO THE FOLD

By the American Federation of Labor at Minneapolis.

Minneapolis, Nov. 16.—Embodying membership of over a million, claiming to represent more than one-seventh of the entire population of the country, the American National Farmers' Union, became affiliated, in a limited degree, with the American Federation of Labor, now in convention here.

Practically the entire session of the American Federation of Labor convention was devoted to the proposition of affiliating with the American Society of Equity, the Farmers' Union, national in scope. Committees recommended a plan whereby the members of the federation and its affiliated bodies agree to demand union farm, garden and orchard produce, while the farmers specifically agree to purchase nothing but union-made goods.

The committee's report started a lively discussion, which was participated in by some of the prominent delegates.

Minister Attacks Mrs. Eddy.

Baltimore, Nov. 16.—At a banquet of the Churchmen's Club Rev. Dr. William Harman Van Allen, of Boston, made a bitter attack on Christian science and Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy. He said, in part:

"Eddyism uses the Christian terminology, professes reverence for Christ and the Bible, pretends to exalt God more highly than other religions do and ingeniously mingles much that is good and true and indisputable with its own fantastic errors. It is, therefore, well calculated to do the work Satan designs it to do, namely to destroy faith in the religion of the Christian church and to substitute an anti-Christian caricature. It is a gigantic hunko scheme wherein the victim thinks he has the treasure, but instead only holds the worthless imitation."

Unfit Meats.

Washington, Nov. 16.—Regulations have been issued by the department of agriculture governing the interstate transportation of inspected and passed meats and meat food products which are alleged to have become unfit for food.

Want Order Rescinded.

New York, Nov. 16.—By a unanimous vote the republican county committee at its regular monthly meeting resolved to ask President Roosevelt to rescind his order discharging dishonorably a battalion of the 25th regiment.

HAILED IN A FOREIGN LAND.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IS AN AMERICAN PRESIDENT.

Roosevelt Now at Colon on the Louisiana—Received For the Republic By Panama Executive.

Colon, Nov. 15.—The first trip of an American president outside of the boundaries of the United States was successfully concluded when the hat-tossing Louisiana, having on board President Roosevelt and his party, dropped anchor in the harbor of Colon. The Louisiana, which arrived ahead of schedule time, was conveyed by the Tennessee and the Washington, and the three vessels anchored about a mile from the dock during a heavy rainfall.

Owing to the fact that the Louisiana arrived ahead of time neither President Amador, of Panama, nor Chairman Shonts was on hand to welcome President Roosevelt. They left Panama in a special train for Colon, and later boarded the Louisiana and extended a cordial greeting to America's chief executive.

In President Amador's party, besides Mr. Shonts, were Chief Engineer Stevens and Executive Secretary Reed, of the commission, and Mr. Squiers, the American minister to Panama.

President Roosevelt received the local newspaper correspondents on board the Louisiana.

He said that his voyage had been pleasant and uneventful and expressed himself as gratified at the welcome which the citizens of the isthmus are preparing for him when he lands.

He stated that he proposed to look into the Isthmian labor questions, and also intended to see everything possible concerning the canal.

Extensive precautions have been taken to protect President Roosevelt during his visit on the isthmus, and it is reported a number of known anarchists have been arrested here or at Panama.

All steamers arriving at the isthmus are inspected, and suspicious characters have been imprisoned and will be held in custody until President Roosevelt departs.

President Roosevelt will begin his tour of inspection and an extensive program of official entertainments has been prepared.

The party will leave Colon on a slow train in order to give them an opportunity to see the canal works.

The presidential train, after passing through the zone, will go to La Boca where President Roosevelt will inspect the Pacific entrance to the canal. At Panama President Amador and his party will separate from President Roosevelt and his party.

The latter will cruise in Panama bay, inspecting the various islands and probably landing at Tabara to examine the sanatoriums erected by the Isthmian canal commission.

PLATT AND WIFE SEPARATE.

No Divorce and the Wife Has \$10,000 Yearly.

New York, Nov. 15.—United States Senator Thomas Collier Platt and his beautiful young wife, who, before her marriage to the aged senator, was Mrs. Lillian T. Janeway, signed an agreement of separation. The Platts have been living apart since they had a bitter quarrel six weeks ago.

A financial settlement, satisfactory to Mrs. Platt, accompanies the separation articles, and there will be no divorce proceedings. Mrs. Platt, it is understood, is to receive \$10,000 a year during her lifetime and retain Toga Lodge in Highland Mills, where she is now living. The senator will continue to live in the Hotel Gotham until he departs for Washington to take up his duties in the senate.

Cutlery Plant Destroyed.

Chicago, Nov. 15.—The plant of the American Cutlery Co. was destroyed by fire which for a time threatened to spread through the tenement district in the vicinity. The three buildings were burned to the ground and it was only by hard work that the flames were prevented from spreading to the office building of the company. The loss is estimated at \$500,000.

To Press the Demand.

Chicago, Nov. 15.—The Commercial Telegraphers' Union of America intends to demand of the United States government that the Western Union Telegraph Co. be investigated. President S. J. Small, of the union, made this announcement and added that he was going to Washington in person to press these demands.

To Spend \$6,000,000.

Havana, Nov. 15.—The expenditure of \$6,000,000 for public works now under course of construction or of urgent necessity has been recommended by Lieut. Col. Black, in a report which has been approved by Gov. Magoon.

Statement Called For.

Washington, Nov. 15.—The controller of the currency has issued a call for a statement of the condition of national banks at the close of business on Monday, November 12.

For a National University.

Baton Rouge, La., Nov. 15.—It was announced that the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations will urge the establishment of a national university at Washington. A committee was appointed to propagate this idea.

Shook Jamaica.

Kingston, Jamaica, Nov. 15.—An exceedingly sharp earthquake was felt south and north of this island. It was followed immediately by a second shock, which was the heaviest experienced here in many years.

THRILLING ADVENTURE OF THE PONY RIDER

One of the distinctive characters of western life a few years back was the "pony-rider," or mail-carrier, who was the only means of public communication between one settlement and another.

Their routes were over sections of country where stage roads had not been opened, sometimes extending for many miles, and sometimes serving only as connecting links between lines already established.

Some of these riders were young men for such a responsible duty, you might think, but they had been brought up in the country, had taken part in its adventures, dangers and trials, and at eighteen or twenty years of age were as manly, courageous and sagacious on the trail as you would expect men of forty to be.

The lives of these mail-carriers were full of adventure. The country through which they rode was wild and unsettled, and encounters with Indians, wild beasts and desperado highwaymen were frequent.

One of the pluckiest riders was little Sam Dudley. He was only eighteen years old, and his build was almost as slight as a woman's, but the strongest man couldn't stand fatigue any better than Sam. He seemed to be made up of steel and steam.

Sam had a route that was particularly dangerous, as it lay in a region where bands of Shoshone Indians were always prowling about. War-path or no war-path, they robbed and butchered white men whenever they found them at a disadvantage, and when pursued by parties sent out to avenge the outrage they hid them-

each other, the Indians stopped, their guns in their hands. Sam stopped also and unsling his rifle. Perhaps at this distance he might prove to be the better shot and pick off one or two of them if their bullets missed him. Anyway, he much preferred to fight with 200 yards between them and he resolved to move no farther, but wait for developments.

Meanwhile the Indians conferred with each other for a few minutes and one of them signed for him to come on. He promptly signed that he wouldn't do it.

At this the redskins started toward him, holding up their hands in token of friendship. But Sam was too shrewd to be caught in such a trap—he knew them too well. His reply was a shot from his rifle, and one of the Indians tumbled off his horse.

The other two immediately fired at him, their balls whistling harmlessly by him, but, nevertheless, Sam fell from his pony to the ground, and lay still in the long grass. The pony stood like a rock, for Sam had thrown the reins over his head.

All this time his enemies were galloping rapidly toward him. Another shot from them would no doubt have finished him—he dared not risk it—he must deceive them by a ruse.

Would it succeed? It was a desperate chance, and as he lay there thinking about it, and listening to the tramp of the approaching horses, who will think it strange if he trembled a little, brave as he was?

But he needed all his nerve, and he pulled himself well together, got his rifle ready, and raising his head and



Dropping From His Horse to the Ground He opened Fire on the Indians.

selves among the rocks and lay quiet until it was safe to come out again.

This was down in Nevada, near the Toiyama mountains. Sam rode from Austin to San Juan, a distance of fifty miles, his course running most of the way along the Reese river.

Sam was due in San Juan one afternoon about three o'clock, but that hour passed, and then four o'clock, and he had not arrived. The mail agent seemed to be a trifle uneasy as he talked about the delay.

He said Sam Dudley, the rider, was as brave a fellow as ever straddled a pouch, but there were hands of Indians all along his route and he thought it was only a question of time when they would wing him.

He had already had adventures with them, in which his escapes had been little less than marvelous, and it was while he was telling me about one of them that we heard shouts outside his cabin, followed by the sound of a horse's feet at a rapid gallop.

Every one hurried out and saw a sight that was by no means uncommon in such a country. A young fellow, apparently a mere boy in years, was riding toward the station on a dark-bay mustang.

His buckskin clothes were soiled and bloody, and his left arm hung limp and useless at his side. His right hand grasped the long black hair of an Indian's scalp, which he swung round and round above his head. The reins lay upon the pony's neck, but the boy knew his stopping place and needed no guiding. In a minute more he had halted and all anxiously approached the rider.

It was Sam Dudley, the young mail-carrier, pale and weak from wounds and loss of blood. He was helped off the pony's back, but fainted before he got into the agent's cabin. The mail pouch was safe, however.

Sam was not long coming to himself again. His left arm was broken above the elbow by a rifle ball and another ball had entered his chest near the left shoulder. Neither wound was dangerous.

About five miles from San Juan, as he was jogging along at an easy pace over a stretch of tableland, he saw three mounted Indians some distance ahead of him. They were coming from an easterly direction and their course would intersect his almost at right angles. They evidently saw him and he had no doubt they would attack him; that was what they were there for.

But what could he do? To turn back was no safer than to go forward, for they would pursue and overtake him. Then, even if they had no hostile intentions, his running from them would be sure to bring them after him.

So he determined to go ahead and trust to his usual good luck either to outrun or outwit them. Without slackening speed he rode on toward them. He was armed, of course. A sheath of a revolver and a knife were stuck in his belt.

When they were within 200 yards of

shoulders, took deliberate aim at the foremost Indian not 200 feet away, and fired.

The savage fell, and another riderless horse went bounding over the plain. Quick as lightning Sam fired again, this time at his last remaining foe, and horse and Indian both dropped.

Exulting in his easy victory, the gallant young fellow leaped to his feet—to see the third Indian not dead, as he thought, but running toward him, gun at the ready. His horse had been shot, but he was unhurt.

Sam was astounded. He was not a victor after all; on the contrary, he now faced his greatest peril. This flashed upon him as the Indian stopped, raised his gun and fired.

A sharp, quick spasm of pain shot through Sam's left arm, and it fell helpless to his side—the ball had shattered it. This made him drop his rifle to the ground, but his coolness and courage did not leave him. The gun had not fairly touched the grass before he had drawn his revolver and taken aim at the savage, but the latter was equally quick with his gun. The two reports rang out as one, and both men fell.

Dudley was shot in the chest near the left shoulder, and the shock dropped him. He did not lose consciousness, however, and soon rose to his feet ready to renew the fight. But this was not necessary. His last shot had been fired from a distance of twenty paces, and it had gone straight home.

The third and last foe was dead.

Forgetting his wounds—thinking only of his triumph over his would-be murderers, he whipped out his knife and took the scalp of the Indian he had just killed. Then mounting his pony, he dashed off toward San Juan. —Chicago Daily News.

Jane's Answer.



With umbrella and rubbers to keep off the rain. On a very moist morning I met little Jane. "Are you wet?" I inquired. "Oh no, can't you see I'm dreadfully under the weather," said she. —C. F. Lester, in St. Nicholas.

East Kentucky Correspondence News You Get Nowhere Else

Correspondence published unless signed is full by the writer. The name is not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Write plainly.

JACKSON COUNTY.

REDFORD.

Nov. 18.—Gran Click was kicked by a mule Saturday and his hand and head were hurt.—Will Jones and family have been waiting for a fair day to move ever since last Thursday. Perhaps I will go some time this week.—Myrtle Click has been quite poorly for the past week. She was visited by Mary Jones a while Sunday.—Rense Auer and family have just returned from Indianapolis.—Christopher Collins and family are preparing to go to Hamilton soon.—Mr. and Mrs. Charley Jones visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jones Friday night.—Gar Hays made a business trip to Richmond last Wednesday and returned home Saturday.—Mrs. N. A. Rose visited Mrs. James Click and daughter Sunday evening.—Gar Hays and Carley Abrams bought six geese each at Richmond last court day and paid \$3½ cents each for them, making \$10 for 12 geese.—The rainy weather has stopped the slave hauling for a while.—Any one wanting to buy some nice white ducks can find them at James Clicks.—Curt Jones means to move to his farm in Madison the first of the year.—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wilson have moved to their home on Rock Creek.—Tom Click was out buying fur Saturday.—Tis said that Daniel Sparks wants to sell his farm and also his goods.

EVERGREEN.

Nov. 20.—We are having some very fine fires in Horse Lick Creek. People are floating logs.—A two weeks' protracted meeting is going on at the Horse Lick Church. Two additions have been made thus far.—The people are glad to welcome James Morris and family back to their old homestead in Martin Valley.—Bob Rose lost a fine red cow this week.—Lewis Lake and wife visited friends at Evergreen on Sunday.—J. P. Callahan bought a fine cow from Green Lake.

MADISON COUNTY.

REDFORD.

Nov. 19.—Mr. and Mrs. Owen Lakes visited Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Sandlin's Sunday of last week.—Martha and Charlie Powell were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Rucker and daughter on Sunday.—Miss Sandra Flossie Baker visited her sister Mrs. W. D. Cagle Sunday evening.—Mrs. Bob Hudson and daughter Dora of Whitlock visited Mrs. Van Hudson Sunday evening.—Rev. Leonard preached at the Disciples' Church Saturday evening and Sunday.—Rev. McKinell filled his regular appointment here Saturday and Sunday.—Mr. Sandlin and son Charlie of Valley View visited relatives here last week.—The Rev. Williamson Paul of Nicholasville preached at the Disciples' Church last week.—Mrs. Sible Powell was the guest of Eva Jones Saturday night.

DELUKE.

Nov. 19.—Mr. and Mrs. Sut Melton, who have been visiting here returned to their home in Ohio, Tuesday, accompanied by their sister, Rosa Melton.—Alma and Rita Lakes were the guests of Mrs. C. Arnett and Mrs. Wm. Todd Sunday last.—Several from this place attended Sunday School at Millery Sunday.—Mr. Caldwell is certainly an efficient and successful teacher and the school will all probably be a success as long as he conducts it.—A box supper is being planned at Mallory Schoolhouse on Friday night next. A cordial invitation is extended to all who wish to participate.—John J. Lakes has a new house of rent on and he will move to Berea soon, where he expects to keep a hotel.—This week has been a sad time for birds. The birds are scarce and could be heard on all sides.—Messrs. A. C. Wilson, Kelliger, and James Wilson have been spending a hunting vacation with L. A. Hunter and Wm. Webb.—Anderson Lewis the lively stable man at Berea, is spending a few days with his daughter, Mrs. John Lakes.—Bill Turner and son John left Saturday night for Illinois. They will miss their home.—Fred Lakes says he wishes he was with Edward Gabbard since he has so many potatoes. He unfortunately did not raise many and seems to have difficulty in procuring any. I dare say there were fifty bushels raised here in several patches scattered.—Wm. Todd had given him a good dose. He values them very highly. Some of the people of this vicinity took advantage of the fine hog killing.—Tommy Kelley of Combs and Mande Johnston of this place are to be married Thursday of this week at Richmond.

MR. HILL.

Nov. 18.—We are having plenty of rain now.—Mrs. Jeff Robertson is very sick.—Mrs. Mose Etridge visited her daughter, Mrs. Pet Carpenter Thursday.—Mrs. Fannie Brockman and daughter visited her brother Mr. Ruben Gabbard of Dreyfus Sunday night.—Mr. and Mrs. Joe Alexander were in Richmond Saturday on business.—Daniel Green, who has been in the mountains for a few days, visiting, has returned.—Lee Hazwood and Mr. Pittman of Mote spent Sunday night with Jim Bingham and family.—N. D. Cantel made a business trip to London recently.—Mr. Pittman of Mote recently purchased a farm of Palesine Green, expecting to go back to the mountains.—Mrs. Toni Huff is very sick.—Mr. and Mrs. T. J. McKeehan and daughter, Minerva visited Mr. and Mrs. Kiah McKeehan of Mote Sunday.—Jim Robertson of Gray Hawk stayed over Thursday night with Mrs. Green, on his way to Richmond with 414 geese.—Levi Lamb moved to his new home Saturday.

Henry Ramsey of Gray Hawk visited his sister-in-law, Mrs. Julia C. Green Saturday night.—Boyer Gentry and wife of Red Lick visited Mr. T. J. McKeehan and wife Saturday night.

CLAY COUNTY.

Less drinking, gambling, pistol toting, shooting on the public highways, and idleness in Clay.—The Teachers' Association will be held at the Academy, Saturday, the 24th, and everybody is invited.—G. H. Lytle will move to Corbin soon, where he will farm on the land of our friend Wm. Pennington.—DRIP ROCK JACKSON CO.—Nov. 19.—Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Parsons have a fine girl. A fine girl was also born to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Miller.—J. W. Van Winkle left for Berea Friday.—A. J. Church, a former student of Berea College was with us on Saturday, staying over night with G. M. Parsons.—G. M. Parsons, Turner Kelly, T. H. Eversole and others went to Red Lick Wednesday on business.—Mr. and Mrs. Hild Isom were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Webb Saturday night.—George Wilds, the fruit agent was here the first part of the week delivering fruit.—Sam Creech from Owensley county was the guest of G. M. Parsons Saturday evening.—Those who went to Flatton Flat Sunday to attend the preaching were disappointed, as the minister failed to be there.—Mrs. Isaac Fowler, who has been sick for sometime is reported to be improving.

OWSLEY COUNTY.

LEWIS.

Nov. 15.—We are having some fine weather here now.—Wm. Gibson went to Clark county to buy a \$5000 farm, but did not buy. When he got back he went to Dulaski county to see his son-in-law, Carlo Steen, who is very sick with typhoid fever. He is planning to look for a farm down there.—Cromwell and Bessie Cagle visited Walter Gibson and his sister on Matter Creek. All reported a good time.—John Moore of Cow Creek died the other day of consumption.—Albert Baker and Green Gibson went out hunting one night and caught five possums and one ground hog, and said it was a bad night to hunt.—Don Dicknell was hauling logs the other day and got kicked by a mule.

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

ROCKCASTLE.

Nov. 19.—Ell Ballen of Conway and Mae Todd of Rockcastle Ky., were married Wednesday November 14.—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Todd stayed Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Anderson Saturday and Sunday.—Bertha Tollen visited Berle and Bernice Todd Saturday and Sunday.—P. S. Callahan is visiting his daughter Mrs. Cora Turner.—Knox county.—Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Butler visited at Rockcastle Saturday and Sunday.—H. E. Gadd who has been in West Virginia for some time has returned home.—Ellis E. Lake visited home folks near Berea Saturday and Sunday.—Rev. F. P. Phillips preached at Seaford Church Sunday.—The protracted meeting will begin at Macedonia Monday night.—Allman Todd visited J. W. Todd.—Tay.

OHIO NEWS.

HAMILTON.

Nov. 12.—Mr. and Mrs. Flanery of Masson, O. spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Meredith Gabbard last week.—The greatest fire disaster Hamilton ever saw occurred last week. The four and one-half story Mehrum building, with the exception of the tenement building was the handsomest building on Fifth street, was consumed entirely. The stores of the C. D. Mathes Co., drygoods, and Holbrook Bros. drygoods, were totally destroyed. For a time it seemed as if no large part of the business district must be lost. The Second National Bank and the T. V. Howell & Sons store were damaged. The losses obtainable were as follows: Mehrum Building, total loss, cost, \$75,000, was insured; C. D. Mathes & Co., drygoods, total loss, stock worth \$150,000, well insured; Holbrook Bros. drygoods total loss, stock worth from \$100,000 to \$150,000 well insured; Miami Shoe Company practically destroyed by fire and water; George H. Young grocery store, damaged by fire and water, insured; W. J. Kuhn, tailor, badly damaged by fire and water; Marks Outfitting Co., badly damaged by fire and water; Custom Confectionery Co., damaged by water and smoke; other adjoining buildings were slightly damaged. The total loss was about \$450,000. It occurred next door to the great fire that destroyed the Howell store four years ago. It was much larger and fiercer and occasioned a greater peril to surrounding property. Mayor Thomas sent to Cincinnati for aid. Two companies were sent with engines on a special train but arrived too late to do any good. This fire occurred Tuesday night. Wednesday night a small printing establishment was burned.—The mortgage which has been against the Y. M. C. A. was also burned. An elaborate banquet was given in honor of the occasion. About 200 members were present. Judge Belden presiding as toastmaster and President Hughes of De Pauw as the guest of honor. President Hughes and ex-Governor Campbell made fitting speeches. The meeting was held in the Hamilton Club room.—President Danby of Cincinnati University will speak one more Sunday at the Y. M. C. A. in this month. Last Sunday his subject was "Take Aim" and was ably dealt with.

KEEP CLEAN

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J. C. BURNAM

The West End Barber Shop. Phone 67

50c a suit is all it will cost you.

Students' Journal

Containing Breezy Notes of Coming Events and Past Trials and Triumphs of Berea Students.

President Frost delivered the Monday lecture to the Upper Chapel students this week. Taking for his subject "The Conflicts of Our Times," he chose to discuss three chief conflicts of the future:

First, The conflict between luxury and the strenuous life.

Second, The conflict between unbelief and faith.

Third, Oppression and justice.

Prof. Raine's lecture in the lower Chapel on "Eyes" was greatly enjoyed. Some of the students said it was the best lecture they had ever heard.

Several of their eyes opened wider and are seeing things they didn't see before.

The Phi Delta Society elected Mr. L. J. Cook as a second member of their editorial staff, so that now each one having the other to help him keep awake, we may expect some good occasional reports as to its doings.

Here, at any rate are the first sweepings of the new year.

It is not always the machine that makes the most noise that turns out the most work. Phi Delta has been accused of sleeping, but assertions don't alter the facts in the case.

As a result of the Phi Delta spirit, the new carpet and tables costing something like ninety dollars were put in to service last Friday night not only by Phi Deltans but by a large number of ladies.

Howard Clark, Jno. Welch and Howard Marsh, assisted by other members of the society are mainly responsible for the successful completion of the improvements. All had the privilege of "walking the carpet" without fear of the dean's displeasure and the ardent endeavors of the orchestra were appreciated.

Our Yankee visitor, who wanted a letter written about the place, to see how fast he could write, could write when he "kicked and licked" the stibbura mule. The scribe, to the amusement of the audience, was very much put out to have all his footstep left to wrap up hayseeds.

After a well contested debate, Professor Josephine Robinson then rose to express her pleasure in the well rendered program and her sentiments seemed to be seconded by the rest of the ladies.

We should be glad to hear from old Phi Deltans who read the Citizen through its editor.

On the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day is the great football game of the year. Then the College department plays the rest of the school. This will be one of the best and most evenly contested games of the year and there should be a large crowd out, not only to "root" for the chosen sides but to help the Athletic Association, as all the proceeds of the game go to liquidate the Association debt. Admission 25 cents and 15 cents.

LOVE.

By One Who Knows

If we look back upon the word love we find that love was about the first emotion in the history of mankind. But we can't imagine Adam having an emotioner thought in his makeup that was opposed to love, for he had nothing to be dissatisfied with, and surely a man possessing the boundless meekness and providence that he did, could not help being filled with love for the Provider of these things. Of course, another element comes into his character when woman is created and his love for her is very soon got into trouble on her account and he would have been a very strange man if at times, when he was totting for his daily bread, and thought of the life of ease that he was formerly accustomed to, he had not felt some resentment in his heart. But resentment does not last and love does according to the Scriptural story.

Love is of such a vague comprehension that it is next to impossible to give a definition of it. One man may define love, and another may say that he doesn't half express it. If you stop every person you see and ask them to give you a definition for love, you find times out of ten you have got them in a tight corner. The average person may know what love is, but it is simply impossible for him or her as the case may be, to tell it in words.

It is not at all strange that such is the case, for just consider how many kinds of love there are. There is love of money, love of social position and love of self, for some of us are awfully "suck on ourselves," as the slang phrase has it. There are people who are literally in love with money. It is positively a grief to them to part with it. There are cases without number of people who value social position above everything else. If they are not in love with it, what shall we say of their emotion along that line. Then there are people who love animals a great deal more than human beings. That is certainly a kind of love that must be classed by itself. Of course, that doesn't mean that a man can experience only one kind of love.

But compare his love for a favorite horse and his love for his wife. It may, and has very often happened, that a man thought so much of his horse, that when it happened to get seriously injured he would have killed to save it from suffering. But who ever heard of a man following that course of action with his wife or any friend or relative.

Now, we come to another kind of love, the most common, love of man for woman and vice versa. It is pretty safe to say that no one living can honestly make the statement that he or she has never been in love of some kind or another. There might be a very few cases, but they are as rare as they are unfortunate. A person who has never loved anyone, or cared to have anyone love him ought to have his head examined to see if his mind is in a perfectly healthy condition. There are a number of varieties of this kind of love. In nearly all cases there seems to be a desire to withdraw from the society of other people and be by one's self. Why this is so, is hard to find out. If you ask them if they are ashamed of their love there is an indignant denial in most cases, but still they seek quiet corners, attempt to save gas and use as little furniture as possible, and numerous other economies that seldom con-

tinue after the courtship period.

Love is perhaps the emotion most made fun of. You speak of love and you can see broad smiles and perhaps more noly amusement, and if you ask those people what they are laughing at they cannot tell you. For some unknown reason it has become the custom to consider anyone in love as a person to be laughed at or teased. In fact something highly amusing; but it is a condition we all pass thru, we all know that when we are in love at the idea of some one of our friends being in love, the chances are that a big majority of us are in the same fix or would like to be anyway.

We see innumerable jokes on love in the comic papers, all of which are holding love up as something to be laughed at. The jokes are probably written by some man who has been in love, is glad of it and is writing about it with a happy family about him. Of course, there are many who the love-making of a couple is highly amusing, but it's not the fault of the emotion, but of the people themselves, so if you are not in love now and don't feel as if you could love anyone or anything, depend upon it that there is something the matter with you, and he sooner you get out of this state of mind, the better you and the rest of the world will be.—[From one of the Rhetorical classes.]

THE OVERTHROW OF PEARL.

[Continued from First Page.]

On reaching the center, the high priestess of Pels met them proclaiming her authority and warning them not to proceed. "I understood, Kapdun kept on. Reaching the crater, she led the way down the steep, rocky path, over the hot stones, the earth trembling beneath her, to the very edge of Halemmanan. Into the fiery lake, she now threw some other some, knowing that nothing could be more displeasing to the goddess. Her terrified people stood about her, expecting to see some manifestation of Pels's anger. Turning to them the queen said, "Jehovah is my God; he killed these fires. I fear not Pels; but should I perish by her anger, then you must fear and serve Jehovah. The Gods of Hawaii are vain, great is the goodness of Jehovah in sending missionaries to turn us to the living God."

The people knelt; prayer was offered, and above the roaring of the angry flames could be heard the music of a Christian hymn.

Instructions to Correspondents.

1. Write with pen and ink, not with pencil.

2. Write very plainly, and take special care in writing the names of people and places, to write plainly, to spell correctly and begin each name with capital letters. Begin names of months and days with capital.

3. Do not number the names of your news, 1, 2, 3, etc., as these paragraphs are numbered.

4. Read over the news you have sent in before you send it, and again when published in the paper, and see how the spelling, wording, punctuation, and arrangement of sentences has been changed by the editor, and make your news more like it next time so the editor will have less correcting to do.

5. Write out the names of months and days of the week and other words in full, just as they should be printed. Do not abbreviate them.

6. If you receive a copy of these instructions with some paragraph especially marked with a pencil, pay special attention to the instructions marked.

7. When it is plain who the person is without the title "Mr." or "Miss," omit these titles. "Mrs." should not be omitted.

8. Begin the first word in every sentence with a capital. Do not begin words in the middle of a sentence with capitals unless they ought to have capitals according to rule 2.

9. In writing numbers spell them out, such as "two, six," instead of "2, 6," unless you are writing a sum of money or a date. Dates should be written like this, the 26th of July or July 26th, and money with the usual signs, as "\$5.00."

COLLEGE ABOUT TO BE FIRED

When Officers Appeared and Arrested the Owner, It Is Alleged.

Prestonburg, Ky.—A few days ago John J. Coleman, of Mt. Sterling, agent for the Ohio German Insurance Co., received a tip that a plot had been made to burn the Barrington college, which was insured in his company. Mr. Coleman had paid one loss on a suspicious fire at that school and was determined to investigate. He accordingly secured the services of C. H. Overly, a detective, and sent him to the scene. It is charged that Overly found a man named Frank Ellis, who was suspected, and told all about the plot. He was told by the detective, so it is said to carry out his part of the program and they would catch W. M. Barrington, who owned the school, Ellis having told the detective that Barrington had offered him \$500 to burn the building. Under the instructions of Overly, it is further related, Ellis carried out the arrangements with Barrington and poured two gallons of oil in the building. Barrington was in the room with Ellis, it is alleged, and the building was about to be fired when the sheriff of Floyd county and Overly arrested both men as they came out of the building. Barrington is very wealthy and very influential. Ellis is a poor man and will be used as a witness.

Log Jam Breaks.

Catlettsburg, Ky.—The jam of logs which has been in the breaks of Sandy river at Morrowone, Ky., for several years has started. Steamboats and other craft have left the mouth of the river for safer landings.

Half a Million Logs.

Barboursville, Ky.—Logs of the aggregate value of \$500,000 have floated down the Cumberland river during the past two days, the best logging tide in years being on. The ensuing prosperity to lumbermen and loggers will be great.

Always Remember the Full Name
Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.

E. W. Grove on Box. 25c.

HOUSES TO RENT

For Families Educating Their Children.

The College Treasurer has several desirable dwellings to rent to families who wish to spend a term or more in Berea for the benefit of



their children. Houses like the above, containing four rooms furnished with bedsteads, tables, chairs, heating and cooking stoves, rent for eight dollars per term. Other houses containing sealed rooms, or with barns and gardens, for somewhat higher rental. Preference given always to families with children to educate. For regulations and further particulars address the Treasurer, or call on him at his office in the rear of the Library Building, any morning at 9.45.

T. J. OSBORNE, Treasurer.

"Seeing the Southwest" EXCURSIONS

Doubtless you have heard of the bumper crops which have been raised in Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Texas and New Mexico. Have you compared them with results obtained in your section? Is your work where you are bringing you in adequate returns for the capital invested and the labor expended? If not, a change would be beneficial perhaps. A visit to the southwest will open your eyes. Out in Oklahoma the last big land opening is soon to take place; farms are still very cheap in Western Arkansas, Northern Louisiana, and the Gulf Coast of Texas. Let us give you full information about these sections. You will want to see them after you have examined our illustrated literature.

VERY LOW RATES FOR ONE WAY AND ROUND TRIP to Southwestern points the First and Third Tuesdays of each month.

G. H. Lee, Gen. Pass. Agt., Little Rock, Ark.
J. N. Cornsater, A. G. P. A., Frisco, Memphis, Tenn.
H. I. McGuire, Dist. Pass. Agt., Cincinnati, O.

ROCK ISLAND - FRISCO LINES
INDIANAPOLIS, OHIO.

The Citizen offers unusual premiums to new subscribers and to those who will make prompt renewals. What will YOU do about your subscription?

Campton, Ky.—The brick store of Sewell Combs, the Farmers' bank and several other buildings were burned. The business section of the town was destroyed. Loss \$20,000 and insurance \$15,000. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Lexington Couple's Escape.

Louisville, Ky.—Joseph C. Vannoy and Mrs. Vannoy, of Lexington, Ky., had a narrow escape here when a coupe taking them from the flat house to the station was struck by a car at Fourth and Jefferson and overturned.

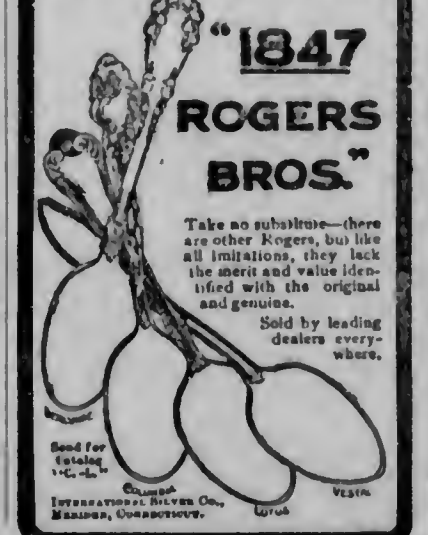
Left An Apology.

Louisville, Ky.—Leaving a note apologizing to the management of the hotel for "missing up the room," C. F. Kibball, a traveling man of Topeka, Kan., sent a bullet through his light temple at the Seelbach hotel.

"Silver Plate that Wears."

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YOU THINK we are advertising a cheap Fountain Pen to be sold at a high price, but you are

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